POEMS

BY

WILLIAM DRVMMOND.

OF

HAWTHORNDEN.

Jacobus Fezer
D.

Arch Bodl. A. II. 100.

THE FIRST Part.

IN my firſt Prime, when childiſh Humors fed
My wanton Wit, ere I did know the Bliſſe,
Lies in a louing Eye, or amorous Kiſſe,
Or with what Sighes a Louer warmes his Bed:
By the ſweete *Theſpian* Siſters Error led,
I firſt begouth to read, then loue to write,
And ſo to praiſe a perfect Red and White
But [God wote] wiſt not what was in my Head,
Loue ſmil'd to ſee me take ſo great Delight,
To turne thoſe *Antiques* of the Age of Gold,
And that I might more *Myſteries* behold,
He ſet ſo faire a *Volume* to my Sight,
That I *all Ephemerides laid aſide*,
Ioye on this bluſhing Booke my Death to read.

SON.

I Know that all beneath the *Moone* decayes,
And what by Mortalls in this World is brought,
In *Times* great Periods ſhall returne to nought,
That faireſt *States* haue fatall Nights and Dayes.
I know that all the *Muſes* heauenly Layes,
With Toyle of Spright which are ſo dearely bought,
As *idle Sounds* of few, or none are ſought,
That there is nothing lighter then vaine Praiſe.
I know fraile *Beautie* like the purple Floure,
To which one Morne oft Birth and Death affords,
That Loue a jarring is of Mindes Accords,
Where *Senſe* and *Will* bring vnder *Reaſons* Power:
Know what I liſt, this all can not me moue
But that (*alas*) I both muſt write, and loue.

SON.

YEe who ſo curiouſly doe paint your Thoughts,
Enlightning eu'rie Line in ſuch a guiſe
That they ſeeme rather to haue fallen from Skies,
Then of a humaine Hand by mortall Draughts.
In one Part *Sorrow* ſo tormented lies
As if his Life at eurie Sigh would part,
Loue Here blindfolded ſtands with Bow and Dart,
There *Hope* lookes pale, *Deſpaire* with flaming Eyes:
Of my rude Penſill looke not for ſuch Art,
My Wit I finde growne leſſe for to deuiſe
So high Conceptions to expreſſe my ſmart,
And ſome ſay *Loue* is faign'd that's too too wiſe.
These troubled Words and Lines confuſ'd you finde,
Are like vnto their Modell *my ſicke Minde.*

SON.

ARe me, and I am now the Man whoſe Muſe
In happier Times was wont to laugh at *Loue*,
And thoſe who ſuffred that blind Boy abuſe
The noble Gifts were giuen them from aboue,
What *Metamorphoſe* ſtrange is this I proue?
My ſelfe now ſcarſe I finde my ſelfe to be,
And thinkes no Fable *Circes* Tyrannie,
And all the Tales are told of changed Iove,
Vertue hath faire with her *Philoſophie*
My Mind vnto a better Courſe to moue,
Reaſon may chide her full, and oft reproue
Affections Power, but what is that to me
Who euer thinkes, and neuer thinkes on Ought
But that bright *Cherubine* that thralles my Thought.

SON.

HOw that vaſte Heauen intitl'd *Firſt* is told,
If any glancing *Towres* beyond it be,
And *People* liuing in Eternitie,
Or *Eſſence* pure that doth this *All* vphold:
What motion haue thoſe *fixed Sparkes* of Gold,
The *wandring Carbuncles* which ſhine from hie,
By Sprights, or Bodies contrare-wayes in Skie
If they be turn'd, and mortall Things behold.
How *Sunne* poſts Heauen about, how *Nights pale Queene*
With borrowed Beames lookes on this hanging *Round*,
What cauſe faire IRIS hath, and Monſters ſeene
In Aires large Fields of light, and Seas profound,
Did hold my wandring Thoughts; when thy ſweet Eye
Bade me leaue all, and onely thinke on Thee.

SON.

FAire is my Yocke, though grieuous be my Paines,
Sweet are my Wounds, although they deepely ſmart,
My Bit is Gold, though ſhortened be the Raines,
My Bondage braue, though I may not depart,
Although I burne, the Fire which doth impart
Thoſe Flames, ſo ſweet reuiuing Force containes,
That like *Arabia's* Bird my waſted Heart
Made quicke by Death, more liuely ſtill remaines.
I joye though oft my waking Eyes ſpend Teares,
I neuer want Delight, euen when I grone,
Beſt companied when moſt I am alone,
A Heauen of Hopes I haue midſt Hells of Feares:
Thus euery way Contentment ſtrange I finde,
But moſt in Her rare Beautie, my rare Minde.

SON.

VAunt not, faire *Heauens*, of your two glorious Lights;
Which thogh moſt bright, yet ſee not whē they ſhine,
And ſhining, cannot ſhow their Beames diuine
Both in one Place, but parte by Dayes and Nights,
Earth vaunt not of thoſe Treaſures yee enſhrine,
Held onely deare, becauſe hide from our Sights,
Your pure & burniſh'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,
Snow-paſſing Iuorie that the Eye delights.
Nor *Seas* of thoſe deare Wares are in you found
Vaunt not, rich Pearle, red Corrall which doe ſtirre
A fond deſire in Fooles to plunge your Ground;
Theſe all more faire are to be had in Her:
Pearle, Iuorie, Corrall, Diamond, Sunnes, Gold,
Teeth, Necke, Lips, Hart, Eyes, Haire are to behold.

SON.

VVHen *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought
All AVRISTELLAS Parts, except her Eyes,
To make thoſe Twinnes two Lamps in *Beauties* Skies,
Shee Counſell of her *ſtarry Senat* ſought.
Mars and *Appollo* firſt did her aduiſe,
To wrappe in Colour Blacke, thoſe Comets bright,
That *Loue* him ſo might ſoberlie diſguiſe,
And vnperceiued Wound at euerie Sight.
Chaſte PHOEBE ſpake for pureſt azure dies;
But IOVE and VENVS greene about the Light,
To frame thought beſt, as bringing moſt Delight,
That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for ay ariſe:
Nature [all ſaid] a *Paradiſe* of greene
There plac'd, to make all loue which haue them ſeene.

SON.

NOw while the *Night* her ſable Vaile hath ſpred,
And ſilently her reſtie Coach doth rolle,
Rowſing with Her from TETHIS azure Bed,
Thoſe ſtarrie *Nymphes* which dance about the Pole,
While CYNTHIA in pureſt Cipres cled,
The *Latmian* Shepheard in a Trance deſcries,
And whiles lookes pale from hight of all the Skies,
Whiles dies her Beauties in a bluſhing Red,
While *Sleepe* (in Triumph) cloſed hath all Eyes,
And Birds, and Beaſtes a Silence ſweet doe keepe,
And PROTEVS monſtrous People in the Deepe,
The Winds and Waues (huſht vp) to reſt entiſe,
I wake, I turne, I weepe oppreſt with Paine,
Toilde in the wayles *Labyrinthes* of my Braine.

SON.

SLeepe, *Silence* Child, ſweet Father of ſoft Reſt,
Prince whoſe Approach Peace to all Mortalls brings,
Indifferent Hoſt to Shepheards and to Kings,
Sole Comforter of Minds which are oppreſt.
Loe, by thy Charming Rod all breathing Things
Lie ſlumbring, with Forgetfulneſſe poſſeſt,
And yet o're me to ſpred thy drowſie Wings
Thou ſpares (alas) who cannot be thy Gueſt.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face
To inward Light which thou art wont to ſhow,
With fained Solace eaſe a true felt Woe,
Or if *deafe God* thou doe deny that Grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiſſe the *Image of my Death*.

SON.

FAire *Moone* who with thy cold and ſiluer Shine,
Makes ſweet the Horror of the dreadfull *Night*,
Delighting the weake Eye with Smiles diuine,
Which PHOEBVS dazelles with his too much Light,
Bright Queene of the *firſt Heauen*, if in thy Shrine
By turning oft, and Heauens eternall Might,
Thou haſt not yet that *once ſweet Fire* of thine
ENDEMION, forgote, and Louers Plight:
If Cauſe like thine may Pitie breed in thee,
And Pitie ſomewhat elſe to it obtaine,
Since thou haſt Power of Dreames as well as Hee
That holds the golden Rod, and Morell Chaine:
Now while She ſleepes in dolefull Guiſe her Show,
Theſe Teares, and the blacke *Map* of all my Woe.

SON.

LAmpe of Heauens Chriſtall Hall that brings the Houres,
Eye-dazaler, who makes the vgly *Night*,
At thy Approach flie to her ſlumbrie Bowres,
And fills the World with Wonder and Delight.
Life of all lifes, Death-giuer by thy flight
To Southerne Pole from theſe ſixe Signes of ours,
Gold-ſmith of all the Starres, with Siluer bright
Who *Moone* enamells, APELLES of the Flowres.
Ah from thoſe watrie Plaines thy golden Head
Raiſe vp, and bring the ſo long lingring *Morne*,
A Graue, nay Hell, I find become this Bed,
This Bed ſo grieuouſly where I am torne:
But *woe is* me though thou now brought the Day,
Day ſhall but ſerue moe Sorrowes to diſplay.

SONG.

IT was the time when to our Northerne Pole
The brighteſt Lampe of Heauen beginnes to rolle,
When Earth more wanton in new Robes appeareth,
And ſcorning Skies her Flowres in Raine-bowes beareth,
On which the Aire moiſt Diamonds doth bequeath,
Which tremble to feele the kiſſing Zephires *breath:*
When Birds from ſhady Groues their Loue foorth warble,
And Sea like Heauen, Heauen lookes like ſmootheſt Marble;
When I in ſimple courſe free from all Cares,
Farre from the muddy Worlds captiuing ſnares,
By Oras *flowrie Bancks alone did wander:*
Ora *that ſports her like to old* Meander,
A Floud more worthie Fame and laſting praiſe
Then that ſo high which Phaëtons *fall did raiſe:*
Into whoſe mouing Glaſſe the Milke-white Lillies
Do dreſſe their treſſes and the Daffadillies.
Where Ora *with a Wood is crown'd about*
And ſeemes forget the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious Fountaine
Springs from the ſwelling Paps of a proud Mountaine,
Whoſe falling Streames the quiet Caues do wound,
And make the Echoes *ſhrill reſound that ſound.*
The Laurell there the ſhining Channell graces,
The Palme her Loue with long-ſtreach'd Armes embraces,
The Poplare ſpreads her Branches to the Skie,
And hides from ſight that azure Cannopie.
The Streames the Trees, the Trees their leaues ſtill nouriſh,
That Place graue Winter *findes not without flouriſh.*
If liuing Eyes Elyſian *fields could ſee*
This little Arden *might* Elyſium *bee.*
Her Diane *oft was wont for to repoſe Her,*
*And th'*Acidalian *Queene with* Mars *reioyce Her:*

The

The Nymphes *oft here do bring their Maunds with Flowres,*
And Anadeams weaue for their Paramours,
The Satyres *in thoſe ſhades are heard to languiſh,*
And make the Sheepheards partners of their anguiſh,
The Sheepheards who in Barckes of tender Trees
Doe graue their Loues, Diſdaines, and Ieloſies:
Which Phillis *when there by Her Flockes ſhee feedeth*
With Pittie whyles, ſometime with laughter reedeth.
Neare to this place when Sunne in midſt of Day
In higheſt top of Heauen his Coach did ſtay,
And (as aduiſing) on his Career glanced
The way did reſt, the ſpace he had aduanced
His panting Steeds along thoſe Fields of light,
Moſt princelie looking from that gaſtlie hight:
When moſt the Graſhoppers are heard in Meadowes,
And loftieſt Pines or ſmall, or haue no Shadowes;
It was my hap O woefull hap *to bide*
Where thickeſt ſhades me from all Rayes did hide,
Into a ſhoot-vp-place, ſome Syluans *Chamber,*
Whoſe Seeling ſpred was with the Lockes of Amber
Of new-bloom'd Sicamors, Floore wrought with Flowres,
More ſweet and rich then thoſe in Princes Bowres.
Here Adon *bluſh't, and* Clitia *all amazed*
Lookt pale, with Him who in the Fountaine gazed,
The Amaranthus *ſmyl'd, and that ſweet Boy*
Which ſometime was the God of Delos *ioy:*
The braue Carnation, ſpeckled Pinke here ſhined,
The Violet her fainting Head declined
Beneath a ſleepie Chaſbow, all of Gold
The Marigold her leaues did here vnfold.
Now while that rauiſh'd with delight and wonder,
Halfe in a trance I laye thoſe Arches vnder,

The

The ſeaſon, ſilence, place, began t'entiſe,
Eyes drowſie lids to bring Night on their Skies,
Which ſoftly hauing ſtollen themſelues together
(Like euening Clouds) me plac'd I wot not whether.
As Cowards leaue the Fort which they ſhould keepe
My ſenſes one by one gaue place to Sleepe,
Wha follow'd with a troupe of golden Slombers
Thruſt from my quyet Braine all Baſſe encombers,
Aud thriſe me touching with his Rod of Gold,
A Heauen of Viſions in my Temples roll'd,
To contervaile thoſe Pleaſures were bereft me,
Thus in his ſilent Priſon cloſ'd he left me.
Me thought through all the neighbour Woods a noice
Of Quiriſters, *more ſweet then Lute or voice,*
(For thoſe harmonious ſounds to IOVE are giuen
By the ſwift touches of the nyne-ſtring'd Heauen,
Such are, and no thing elſe) did wound mine Eare,
No Soule that then became all Eare to heare:
And whilſt I liſtning lay O gaſtly wonder!
I ſaw a pleaſant Mirtle cleaue aſunder,
A Mirtle great with birth, from whoſe rent wombe
Three naked Nymphes *more white then Snow forth come.*
For Nymphes *they ſeem'd, about their heauenly faces*
In Waues of Gold floted their curling Treſſes,
Each bout each Arme, their Armes more white then milke,
A bluſhing Armelet weare of crimſin Silke.
The Goddeſſe ſuch were that by Scamander
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander,
Aglaia *and her Siſters ſuch perchance*
Be when about ſome ſacred Spring they dance.
But ſcarce the Groue their naked Beauties graced,
And on the amorous Verdure had not traced,

When

When to the Floud they ran, the Floud in Robes
Of curling Chriſtall to breſts Ivory Globes
Who wrapt them all about, yet ſeem'd take pleaſure
To ſhowe white Snowes throughout her liqnid Azure.
Looke how Prometheus *Man when heaeuly fire*
Firſt gaue him Breath Dayes Brandon did admire,
Aud wondred of this VVorlds Amphitheater:
So gaz'd I on thoſe new gueſts of the VVater.
All three were faire yet one excell'd as farre
The reſt as Phœbus *doth the* Cyprian *Starre,*
Or Diamonds ſmall Gemmes, or Gemmes do other,
Or Pearles that ſhining ſhell is call'd their Mother.
Her Haire more bright then are the Mornings Beames
Hang in a golden ſhower aboue the Streames,
And dangling ſought her fore-head for to couer
VVhich ſeene did ſtraight a Skie *of Milke diſcouer,*
VVith two fair Browes, Loues *Bowes which neuer bend,*
But that a golden Arrow foorth they ſend.
Beneath the which two burning Planets *glancing*
Flaſht flames of Loue, for Loue there ſtill is dancing.
Her aither Cheeke reſembl'd a bluſhing Morne,
Or Roſes Gueles *in field of* Lillies *borne:*
Twixt which an Ivory VVall ſo faire is raiſed,
That it is but abaſed when it's praiſed.
Her Lips like Rowes of Corrall ſoft did ſwell
And th'one like th'other only doth exeell:
The Tyrian *Fiſh lookes pale, pale looke the Roſes,*
The Rubies pale, when Mouths ſweet Cherry cloſes.
Her Chinne like ſiluer Phœbe *did appeare*
Darke in the midſt to make the reſt more cleare:
Her Necke ſeem'd fram'd by curious Phidias *Maſter,*
Moſt ſmooth, moſt white, a piece of Alabaſter.

Two foaming Billowes flow'd vpon her breſt
Which did their tops with Corrall red encreſt:
There all about as Brookes them ſport at leaſure,
With Circling Branches vaines did ſwell in azure:
Within thoſe crookes are only found thoſe Iſles
Which Fortunat *the dreaming old World* Stiles.
The reſt the Streames *did hide, but as a Lillie*
Suncke in a Chriſtalls faire tranſparent Bellie.
I who yet humane weakneſſe did not know,
(For yet I had not felt that Archers Bow,
Ne could I thinke that from the coldeſt Water
The winged Tongling burning Flames could ſcatter)
On euery part my vagabonding ſight
Did caſt, and drowne mine Eyes in ſweet Delight.
O wondrous Thing (ſaid I) that Beautie *is named!*
Now I perceiue I heretofore haue dreamed,
And neuer found in all my flying Dayes
Ioy vnto this, that onlie's worthy praiſe.
My Pleaſures haue bene paines, my comforts Croſſes,
My Treaſure Pouertie, my Gaines but Loſſes.
O precious ſight! which none doth elſe deſcrie
Except the burning Sune, and quiuering I.
And yet O decre-bought Sight! O would for euer
I might enioy you, or had ioy'd you neuer!
O happie Floud! if ſo yee might abide,
Yet euer glory of this Moments Pride,
Adiure your Rillets all for to behold Her,
And in their Criſtall Armes to come and fold Her:
And ſith yee may not aye your Bliſſe embrace,
Draw thouſand Pourtraits of Her on your Face,
Pourtraits which in my Heart be more apparent,
If like to yours my Breſt but were tranſparent.

O that I were while Shee doth in you play,
A Daulphine to transport Her to the Sea!
To none of all those Gods I would Her rander,
From Thule to Inde though I should with Her wander.
Oh! what is this? the more I fixe mine Eie,
Mine Eye the more new Wonders doth espie,
The more I spie, the more in vncouth fashion
My Soule is rauish'd in a pleasant passion.
But looke not Eies, as more I would haue said
A sound of whirling Wheeles me all dismayd,
And with the sound foorth from the trembling Bushes,
With storme-like course a sumptuous Chariot rushes,
A Chariot all of Gold, the Wheeles were Gold,
The Nailes, and Axeltree Gold on which it roll'd:
The vpmost part Scarlet Vaile did couer,
More rich then Danaes Lap spred with her Louer.
In midst of it in a triumphing Chaire,
A Ladie sate miraculously faire,
VVhose pensiue Countenance, and lookes of Honor,
Doe more allure the Mind that thinketh on Her,
Then the most wanton Face, and amorous Eies,
That Amathus or flowrie Paphos sees,
A Crue of Virgins made a Ring about Her,
The Diamond she they seeme the Gold without Her.
Such Thetis is when to the Billowes rore
VVith Mermaids nyce Shee danceth on the Shore:
So in a sable Night the Sunnes bright Sister
Among the lesser twinckling Lights doth glister
Faire Toakes of Ermelines whose Colour passe
The whitest Snowes on Aged Grampius Face,
More swift then Venus Birds this Chariot guided
To the astonish'd Bancke, where as it bided.

But long it did not bide, when poore those Streames
Aye me *it made transporting those rich Gemmes,*
And by that Burthen lighter, swiftlie driued
Till (as me thought) it at a Towre arriued.
Vpon a Rocke of Christall shining cleare
Of Diamonds wrought this Castell did appeare,
Whose rising spires of Gold so high them reared
That Atlas-*like it seem'd the Heauen they beared.*
Amidst which Hights on Arches did arise
(Arches which guilt Flames brandish to the Skies)
Of sparking Topaces, Proud, Gorgeous, Ample,
(Like to a litle Heauen) a sacred Temple.
The Walls no Windowes haue, nay all the Wall
Is but one Window, Night there doth not fall
More when the Sunne to Westerne Worlds declineth,
Then in our Zenit when at Noone He *shineth.*
Two flaming Hills the passage strait defend
Which to this radiant guilding doth ascend,
Vpon whose Arching tops on a Pilastre
A Port stands open, raisd in Loues *Disastre:*
For none that narrow Bridge and gate can passe,
Who haue their Faces seene in Venus *Glasse.*
If those within, but to come foorth do venter,
That statelie Place againe they neuer enter.
The Precinct's strengthened with a Ditch of Feares,
In which doth swell a Lake of Inkie Teares
Of madding Louers, who abide there moning,
And thicken euen the Aire with piteous groning.
This Hold *top braue the Skies the* Destines *fram'd,*
And then the Fort of Chastitie *it nam'd.*
The Queene of the third Heauen once to appall it,
The God of Thrace *Here brought who could not thrall it,*

For

For which he vow'd ne're Armes more to put on,
And on Riphean *Hills was heard to grone.*
Here Pſyches *Louer hurles his Darts at randon,*
Which all for nought him ſerue, as doth his Brandon.
What grieuous Agonie did inuade my Minde?
When in that Place my Hope I ſaw confinde,
Where with high-towring Thoughts I onely reacht her,
Which did burne vp their Wings *when they approacht her.*
Me thought I ſet me by a Cypreſſe *ſhade,*
And Night and Day the Hyacinthe *there reade:*
And that bewayling Nightingalles did borrow
Plaints of my Plaint, and Sorrowes of my Sorrow.
My food was Worme-wood, *mine owne Teares my drinke,*
My reſt on Death, and ſad Miſhaps to thinke.
And for ſuch Thoughts to haue my Heart enlarged,
And eaſe mine Eyes with brinie Tribute charged,
Ouer a Brooke I laid my pynning Face:
But then the Brooke as grieu'd at my Diſgrace,
A Face Me ſhew'd ſo pynd, ſad, ouer-clowded,
That at the Sight afray'd mine Eyes them ſhrowded.
This is the guerdon Loue, *this is the Gaine*
In end which to thy Seruants doth remaine,
I would haue ſaid, when Feare made Sleepe *to leaue me,*
And of thoſe fatall Shadowes did bereaue me.
But ah alas! *in ſteed to dreame of Loue,*
And Woes, *me made them in effect to proue,*
For what into my troubled Braine was painted,
Awak'd, I found that Time, and Place preſented.

SON.

AH burning Thoughts now let me take ſome Reſt,
And your tumultuous Broyles a while appaiſe,
Is't not enough, *Starres*, *Fortune*, *Loue* moleſt
Me all at once, but yee muſt to diſpleaſe.
Let Hope (though falſe) yet lodge within my breſt,
My high Attempt (though dangerous) yet praiſe,
What though I trace not right Heauens ſteppie Wayes
It doth ſuffiſe my Fall ſhall make me bleſt.
I doe not doat on Dayes, nor feares not *Death*,
So that my Life be braue, I wiſhe't not long,
Let me Renown'd liue from the Mondaine Throng
And when Heauen liſts recall this borrowed Breath.
Men but like Viſions are, Time all doth claime,
He liues who dies to winne a laſting Name.

SON.

THat learned *Grecian* who did ſo excell
In Knowledge paſſing Sence, that he is nam'd
Of all the after Worlds *Diuine*, doth tell
That all the Time when firſt our Soules are fram'd,
Ere in theſe Manſions blind they come to dwell,
They liue bright Rayes of that *Eternall light*,
And others ſee, know, loue, in Heauens great hight,
Not toyld with ought to *Reaſon* doth rebell.
It is moſt true, for ſtraight at the firſt ſight
My Minde me told that in ſome other place
It elſe where ſaw the *Idea* of that face,
And lou'd a loue of Heauenlie pure delight.
What wonder now I feele ſo faire a flame,
Sith I her lou'd ere on this *Earth* Shee came.

SON.

NOr *Arne*, nor *Mincius*, nor ſtately *Tiber*,
Sebethus, nor the Flood into whoſe ſtreames
He fel who burnt the World with borrowed beames,
Goldrolling *Tagus*, *Munda*, famous *Iber*.
Sorgue, *Roſne*, *Loire*, *Garron*, nor proud-banked *Seine*,
Peneus, *Phaſis*, *Xanthus*, humble *Ladon*,
Nor *Shee* whoſe Nymphes excell her loued *Adon*:
Faire *Tameſis*, nor *Ister* large, nor *Rheine*,
Euphrates, *Tigris*, *Indus*, *Hermus*, *Gange*,
Pearlie *Hydaſpes*, Serpent-like *Meander*,
The Golfe bereft ſweet *Hero* her *Leander*,
Nile that farre farre his hidden Head doth range,
Haue euer had ſo rare a cauſe of praiſe,
As *Ora* where this *Northerne Phœnix* ſtayes.

SON.

TO heare my plaints faire Riuer Chriſtalline
Thou in a ſilent Slomber ſeemes to ſtay,
Delicious Flowres Lillie and Columbine,
Yee bow your Heads when I my Woes diſplay.
Forreſts in you the *Mirtle*, *Palme* and *Baye*,
Haue had compaſſion liſtning to my grones,
The Windes with ſighes haue ſolemniz'd my mones
Mong leaues, which whiſper'd what they could not ſay.
The Caues, the Rockes, the Hilles the *Syluans* Thrones,
(As if euen pittie did in them appeare,)
Haue at my ſorrow rent their ruethleſſe ſtones,
Each thing I finde hath ſence except my Deare
Who doth not thinke I loue, or will not know
My Griefe, perchance delighting in my woe.

SON.

SWeet Brooke, in whoſe cleare Chriſtall I my Eyes
Haue oft ſeene great in labour of their teares,
Enamell'd Banke whoſe ſhining grauell beares
Theſe ſad Characters of my miſeries.
High Woods whoſe mounting tops menace the Spheares,
Wild Citizens, *Amphions* of the Trees,
You gloomie Groaues at hoteſt Noones which freeze,
Elyſian ſhades which *Phœbus* neuer cleares.
Vaſte ſolitarie Mountaines, pleaſant Plaines,
Embrodred Meads that *Ocean*-wayes you reach,
Hills, Dales, Springs, All that my ſad crye conſtraines
To take part of my plaints, and learne woes ſpeach,
Will that remorſeleſſe faire e're pittie ſhow,
Of grace now anſwere if yee ought know: *No.*

SON.

WIth flaming Hornes the *Bull* now brings the yeare,
Melt do the *Mountains* hideous heaulmes of Snow,
The ſiluer Floods in pearlie Channells flow,
The Late-bare Woods greene Anadeams doe weare.
The Nghtingall forgetting *Winters* woe,
Calls vp the lazie *Morne* her Notes to heare,
Spread are thoſe Flowres which *names of Princes beare*,
Some red, ſome azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lowes a Heifer, there bea-wailing ſtrayes
A harmeleſſe Lambe, not farre a Stag rebounds,
The Sheepe-heards ſing to gazing flockes ſweet Layes,
And all about the Ecchoing Aire reſounds.
Hills, Dales, Woods, Floods, & euery thing doth change,
But *Shee* in *rigour*, *I* in *Loue* am ſtrange.

SON.

THat I ſo ſlenderlie ſet forth my Minde,
Writing I wot not what in ragged Rimes,
And charg'd with Braſſe into theſe golden Times
When others towre ſo high am left behinde:
I craue not *Phœbus* leaue his ſacred Cell
To binde my Browes with freſh *Aonian* Bayes,
But leaues't to thoſe who tuning Sweeteſt Layes
By *Tempe* ſit, or *Aganippe* Well.
Nor yet to *Venus* Tree doe I aſpire,
Sith *Shee* for whom I might affect that praiſe,
My beſt attempts with cruell words gainſayes,
And I ſeeke not that Others me admire.
Of weeping *Myrrhe* the Crowne is which I craue,
With a ſad *Cypreſſe* to adorne my Graue.

MADRIGALL.

WHen as Shee *ſmiles I finde*
More light before mine Eyes,
Nor when the Sunne *from* Inde
Brings to our World a flowrie Paradiſe:
But when Shee *gentlie weepes,*
And poures forth pearlie ſhowres
On cheekes faire bluſhing flowres,
A ſweet melancholie my ſences keepes.
Both feed ſo my diſeaſe,
So much both doe me pleaſe,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burne,
Like Loue *to ſee her ſmile, or* Pittie *mourne.*

SON.

MY Teares may well *Numidian* Lions tame,
And Pitie breed into the hardeſt Hart
That euer PYRRHA did to Maide impart,
When She them firſt of bluſhing Rockes did frame.
Ah Eyes which only ſerue to waile my ſmart,
How long will you my inward Woes proclaime,
May't not ſuffice you beare a weeping Part
All Night, at day but you muſt doe the ſame?
Ceaſe idle Sighes to ſpend your Stormes in vaine,
And theſe ſweet ſilent Groues for to moleſt,
Containe you in the Priſon of my Breſt,
You doe not eaſe but agrauate my Paine,
Or if burſt forth you muſt, that Tempeſt moue
In Sight of her whome I ſo dearely loue.

SON.

YOu reſtleſſe Seas apeaſe your roaring Waues,
And you who raiſe huge Mountaines in that Plaine
Aires Trumpetters, your hideous Sounds containe,
And liſten to the Plaints my Griefe doth cauſe.
Eternall *Lights*, though adamantine Lawes
Of Deſtinies to moue ſtill you ordaine,
Turne hither all your Eyes, your Axeltre pauſe,
And wonder at the Torments I ſuſtaine.
Sad Earth if thou made dull by my Diſgrace
Be not, and ſenſeleſſe, aske thoſe Powers aboue
Why they ſo croſt a Wretch brought on thy Face,
Fram'd for Miſhap, th' *Anachorit* of Loue,
And bid them if they would moe ÆTNAS burne,
In RHODOPE or ERIMANTHE me turne.

SONNET.

IF croſt with all miſhaps be my poore Life,
If one ſhort Day I neuer ſpent in mirth,
If my Sprit with it ſelfe holds laſting ſtrife,
If Sorrowes death is but new Sorrowes birth.
If this vaine World be but a mournefull Stage
Where ſlaue-borne Man playes to the laughing Starres,
If Youth be toſſ'd with Loue, with Weakeneſſe Age,
If Knowledge ſerues to hold our Thoughts in warres.
If *Time* can cloſe the hundreth Mouths of *Fame*,
And make what's long ſince paſt, like that's to be,
If *Vertue* onely be an *Idle Name*,
If I when I was borne was borne to die;
Why ſeeke I to prolong theſe loathſome dayes?
The faireſt *Roſe* in ſhorteſt time decayes.

SON.

ALl other Beauties how ſo e're they ſhine
In Haires more bright then is the golden Ore,
Or cheeks more faire then faireſt *Eglantine*,
Or Hands like Hers that comes the Sunne before:
Match'd with that Heauenlie Hew, and ſhape diuine,
With thoſe deare Starres which my weake Thoghts adore,
Looke but as Shaddowes, or if they be more,
It is in that that they are like to thine.
Who ſees thoſe Eyes their force and doth not proue,
Who gazeth on the dimple of that Chine,
And findes not *Venus* Sonne entrench'd therein,
Or hath not ſence, or knowes not what is Loue.
To ſee thee had *Narciſſus* had the grace,
He would haue died with wondring on thy Face.

SEXTAIN.

THe Heauen doth not containe ſo many Starres,
So many leaues not proſtrat lie in Woodes
When Autume's old and Boreas ſounds his VVarres,
So many Waues haue not the Ocean Floodes,
As my rent Mind hath torments all the Night,
And Hart ſpends Sighs, when PHOEBVS brings the Light.

Why ſhould I beene a Partner of the Light?
Who croſt in birth, by bad aſpect of Starres,
Haue neuer ſince had happie Day nor Night,
Why was not I a liuer in the Woods,
Or Citizen of THETIS chriſtall Floodes,
Then fram'd a Man for Loue and Fortunes Warres?

I looke each Day when Death ſhould ende the Warres
Vnciuill Warres twixt Senſe and Reaſons Light,
My Paines I count to Mountaines, Meads and Floodes,
And of my Sorrow Partners makes the Starres,
All Deſolate I haunt the fearfull Woodes
When I ſhould giue my ſelfe to reſt at Night.

With watchfull Eyes I ne're behold the Night
Mother of Pace, but ah to me of Warres,
And CYNTHIA Queene-like ſhining through the Woods,
When ſtraight thoſe Lamps come in my thought whoſe Light
My Iudgement dazel'd, paſſing brighteſt Starres,
And then my Eyes en-iſle themſelues with Floodes.

Turne to their Springs againe firſt ſhall the Flooods,
Cleare ſhall the Sunne the ſad and gloomie Night,
To dance about the Pole ceaſe ſhall the Starres,

The Elements *renew their ancient* Warres
Shall firſt, and be depriu'd of Place and Light,
Ere I finde reſt in Citie, Fieldes, or Woods.

Ende theſe my Dayes Endwellers *of the* Woods,
Take this my Life *yee deepe and raging* Floods,
Sune neuer riſe to cleare me with thy Light,
Horror *and* Darkneſſe *keepe a laſting* Night,
Conſume me Caire with thy inteſtine Warres,
And ſtay your Enfluence o're me bright Starres.

In vaine the Starres, *th' Endwellers of the* Woods,
Care, Horror, VVarres *I call and raging* Floodes,
For all haue ſworne no Night *ſhall dimme my* Sight.

SON.

O Sacred Bluſh enpurpling Cheekes pure Skies
With crimſõ Wings which ſpred thee like the *Morne*,
O baſhfull Looke ſent from thoſe ſhining Eyes,
Which thogh caſt down on Earth couldſt Heauen adorne.
O Tongue in which moſt luſhious Nectar lies,
That can at once both bliſſe and make forlorne,
Deare corrall Lip which *Beautie* beautifies,
That trembling ſtood before her words were borne.
And you her Words, Words no, but golden Chaines
Which did captiue my Eares, enſnare my Soule,
Wiſe Image of her Mind, Mind that containes
A power all Power of *Senſe* for to controule:
So ſweetly yee from Loue diſſuade all me,
That I loue more, if more my Loue can be.

SON.

SOund hoarſe ſad *Lute*, true witneſſe of my woe,
And ſtriue no more to eaſe ſelfe-choſen paine
With Soule-enchanting ſounds, your accents ſtraine
Vnto theſe teares inceſſantlie which flow.
Sad Treeble weepe, and you dull Baſſes ſhow
Your Maſters ſorrow *in a deadly vaine*;
Let neuer joyfull Hand vpon you goe,
Nor Conſort keepe but when you doe complaine.
Flie *Phœbus* Rayes, nay, hate the irkeſome Light,
Woods ſolitarie Shades for thee are beſt,
Or the blacke Horrours of the blackeſt Night,
When all the *World* ſaue Thou and I doth reſt:
Then ſound ſad Lute and beare a mourning part,
Thou *Hell* may'ſt moue, though not a Womans *Heart*.

SON.

IN vaine I haunt the cold and Siluer Springs,
To quench the Feuer burning in my vaines,
In vaine (*Loues* pilgrim) Mountaines, Dailes and Plaines
I ouer-runne, vaine helpe long abſence brings.
In vaine my Friends your Councell me conſtraines
To flie, and place my Thoughts on other things,
Ah like the Bird that fired hath her Wings,
The more I moue the greater are my paines.
Deſire (alas) *Deſire* a *Zeuxis* new,
From th'*Orient* borrowing Gold, from *Weſterne* Skies
Heauenly Cinabre, ſets before my Eyes
In euery place, her Haire, ſweet looke, and Hue:
That flie, runne, reſt I, all doth proue but vaine,
My life lies in thoſe Eyes which haue me ſlaine.

SON.

SLide ſoft faire *Forth*, and make a Chriſtall Plaine,
Cut your white Lockes, and on your foamie Face
Let not a wrinckle be, when you embrace
The Boate that *Earths Perfections* doth containe.
Windes wonder, and through wondring holde your pace,
Or if that yee your Hearts can not reſtraine
From ſending ſighes, *fealing a Louers Caſe*,
Sigh, and in Her faire Haire your ſelues enchaine.
Or take theſe ſighes which abſence makes ariſe
From my oppreſſed Breſt and VVaue the Sailes,
Or ſome ſweet Breath new brought from P*aradiſe*:
The *Flood* ſeemes ſmile, *Loue* o're the VVinds preuailes,
And yet huge Waues ariſe, the Cauſe is this,
The *Ocean* ſtriues with *Forth* the Boate to kiſſe.

SON.

TRuſt not ſweet Soule thoſe curled Waues of Gold
With gentle Tides which on your Temples flow,
Nor Temples ſpred with Flackes of Virgine Snow,
Nor Snow of Cheekes with *Tyrian* graine enrolld.
Truſt not thoſe ſhining Lights which wrought my Woe,
When firſt I did their azure Rayes behold,
Nor Voice whoſe Sounds more ſtrange Effects doe ſhow
Then of the *Thracian* Harper haue bene told:
Looke to this dying *Lillie*, fading R*oſe*,
Darke *Hyacinthe*, of late whoſe bluſhing Beames
Made all the neighboring Herbes and Graſſe rejoyce,
And thinke how litle is twixt Lifes extreames;
The cruell Tyrant that did kill thoſe Flowres
Shall once *ay me* not ſpare that Spring of yours.

SON.

IN Minds pure Glaſſe when I my ſelfe behold,
And viuely ſees how my beſt dayes are ſpent,
What clowds of Caire aboue my Head are rold,
What comming euils, which I can not preuent:
My begun courſe I wearied doe repent,
And would embrace what *Reaſon* oft hath told,
But ſcarce thus thinke I when Loue hath controld
All the beſt reaſons *Reaſon* could inuent.
Though ſure I know my labours end is griefe,
The more I ſtriue that I the more ſhall pine,
That only Death ſhall be my laſt reliefe:
Yet when I thinke vpon that face diuine
Like one with Arrow ſhot in laughters place,
Malgre my Heart I joye in my diſgrace.

SON.

DEare Quiriſter who from thoſe ſhadowes ſends
Ere that the bluſhing Dawne dare ſhowe her Light,
Such ſad lamenting Straines, that *Night* attends
(Become all Eare) *Starres* ſtay to heare thy plight.
If one whoſe griefe euen reach of thought tranſcends,
Who ne're [not in a Dreame] did taſte Delight,
May the importune who like caſe pretends,
And ſeemes to joye in woe, in *Woes* deſpight.
Tell me (ſo may thou *Fortune* milder trie,
And long long ſing) for what thou thus complaines?
Sith *Winter*'s gone, and *Sune* in dapled Skie
Enamour'd ſmiles on Woods and flowrie Plaines:
The Bird as if my queſtions did her moue
With trembling Wings ſob'd forth I *loue*, I *loue*.

SON.

O Cruell Beautie, ſweetneſſe inhumaine,
That Night and Day contends with my deſire,
And ſeekes my Hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By Death, not Baulme to eaſe my pleaſant paine.
Though yee my thoughts tread down which would aſpire,
And bound my bliſſe, do not *alas* diſdaine
That I your matchleſſe worth and grace admire,
And for their cauſe theſe torments ſharpe ſuſtaine.
Let great *Empedocles* vaunt of his death
Found in the midſt of thoſe *Sicylian* flames,
And *Phaëton* that Heauen him reft of breath,
And *Dædals* Son He nam'd the *Samian* ſtreames:
Their haps I not enuie, my Glore ſhall be
The faireſt *She that liues* did cauſe me *die*.

SON.

THe *Hyperborean* Hills, *Ceraunus* Snow,
Or *Arimaſpus* (cruell) firſt thee bred,
The *Caſpian* Tigers with their milke thee fed,
And *Faunes* did humane bloud on thee beſtow.
Fierce *Orithyas* louer in thy bed
Thee lull'd a ſleepe, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didſt not drinke the Flouds which here doe flow,
But teares, or thoſe by ycie *Tanais* Hed.
Sith thou diſdaines my loue, neglects my Griefe,
Laughs at my grones, and ſtill affects my death,
Of thee, nor Heauen I'll ſeeke no more reliefe,
Nor longer entertaine this loathſome breath,
But yeeld vnto my *Starre*, that thou mayſt proue,
What loſſe thou hadſt in loſſing ſuch a Loue,

SONG.

PHOEBVS arise,
And paint the sable Skies
With azure, white and red:
Rowse Memmons Mother from Her Tythons Bed,
That Shee thy Careere may with Roses spred,
The Nightingales thy comming each where sing,
Make an eternall Spring.
Giue life to this darke World which lyeth dead.
Spred forth thy golden haire
In larger lockes then thou was wont before,
And Empreour-like decore
With Diademe of Perle thy Temples faire:
Chase hence the vglie Night
Which serues but to make deare thy glorious Light.
This is that happie Morne,
That Day long wished Day,
Of all my life so darke,
(If cruell Starres haue not my ruine sworne,
And Fates my Hopes betraye)
Which (onlie white) deserues
An euerlasting Diamond should it marke.
This is the Morne should bring vnto this Groue
My Loue, to heare, and recompence my loue.
Faire King who all preserues,
But showe thy blushing Beames,
And thou two sweeter Eyes
Shall see then those which by Peneus Streames
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay Sunnes which shine as cleare
As thou when two thou did to Rome appeare.

Non

Now Flora *decke thy ſelfe in faireſt guiſe,*
If that yee Windes *would heare*
A voyce ſurpaſsing farre Amphions *lyre,*
Your furious chyding ſtay,
Let Zephire *onely breath,*
And with her treſſes play,
Kiſſing ſometimes thoſe purple ports of Death.
The Windes *all ſilent are,*
And Phœbus *in his chaire*
Enſaffraning Sea *and Aire,*
Makes vaniſh euery Starre:
Night *like a Drunkard reeles*
Beyond the Hills to ſhunne his flamming Wheeles.
The Fields with flowres are paint in euery hue,
The clowds ſpangle with bright Orient Gold their blew:
Here is the pleaſant place,
And nothing wanting is ſaue Shee *alace.*

SON.

WHo hath not ſeene into her ſaffran Bed
The Mornings Goddeſſe mildlie her repoſe,
Or Her of whoſe pure bloud firſt ſprang the Roſe
Lull'd in a ſlomber by a Mirtle ſhade.
Who hath not ſeene that ſleeping white and red
Makes *Phœbe* looke ſo pale, which Shee did cloſe
In that *Ionian* Hill, to eaſe her woes,
Which only liues by her deare kiſſes fed.
Come but and ſee my Lady ſweetlie ſleepe,
The ſighing Rubies of thoſe heauenly lips,
The *Cupids* which breſts golden Apples keepe,
Thoſe Eyes which ſhine in midſt of their Eccliſpe,
And He them all ſhall ſee, perhaps and proue
Shee waking but perſwades, now forceth Loue.

SON.

OF *Cithereas* Birdes that milke-white paire
On yonder leauie *Mirtle* Tree which grone,
And waken with their kiſſes in the Aire
Th'enamourd *Zephires* murmuring one by one;
If thou but ſenſe hadſt like *Pigmalions* Stone,
Or hadſt not ſeene *Meduſas* ſnakie haire,
Loues leſſons thou mightſt learne: and learne ſweet faire,
To *Summers* heat ere that thy *Spring* be growne.
And if thoſe kiſſing louers ſeeme but Cold,
Looke how that *Elme* this *Iuie* doth embrace,
And bindes, and claſpes with many a wanton fold,
And courting Sleepe o'reſhadowes all the place
Nay ſeemes to ſay, deare Tree we ſhall not part,
In ſigne whereof loe in each leafe *a Heart*.

SON.

THe *Sunne* is faire when he with crimſon Crowne,
And flamming Rubies leaues his Eaſterne bed,
Faire is *Thaumantias* in her Chriſtall gowne
When clowds engemm'd hang azure, greene and Red.
To Weſterne Worlds when wearied Day goes downe,
And from Heauens windowes each *Starre* ſhowes her Hed,
Earths ſilent daughter *Night* is faire though browne,
Faire is the *Moone* though in *Loues* liuerie cled.
The *Spring* is faire when it doth paint Aprile,
Faire are the *Meads*, the *Woods*, the *Flouds* are faire
Faire looketh *Ceres* with her yellow haire,
And *Apples*-Queene when *Roſe*-cheekt Shee doth ſmile.
Thát Heauen, and Earth, and Seas are faire is true,
Yet true that all not pleaſe ſo much as you.

MADRIGALL.

Like the Idalian Queene
Her Haire about her Eyne,
With necke, and breſts ripe Apples to be ſeene,
At firſt glance of the Morne
In Cyprus Gardens gathering thoſe farre flowres
Which of her blood were borne,
I ſaw, but fainting ſaw my Paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the Place,
The Windes and Trees amaz'd
With ſilence on her gaz'd,
The flowres ſeemde ſmyle like thoſe vpon her face,
And as their Aſpin ſtalkes thoſe fingers band,
That ſhee might read my caſe
I wiſh'd to be a Hyacinth in Her hand.

SON.

THen is ſhe gone? O foole and coward I!
O good occaſion loſt, ne're to be found!
What fatall chaines haue my dull ſenſes bound
When beſt they may that they ne're Fortune trie?
Here is the fainting Graſſe where ſhee did lie,
With Roſes here ſhee ſtellified the Ground,
Shee fix'd Her Eyes on this yet ſmyling Pond,
Nor Time, nor Place ſeemde ought for to denie.
Too long, too long Reſpect I doe embrace
Your Counſell full of threats and ſharpe Diſdaine,
Diſdaine in her ſweet Heart can haue no place,
And though come there, muſt ſtraight retire againe:
Henceforth Reſpect fairewell, I oft heare told
Who liues in loue can neuer be too bold.

SON.

WHat cruell *Starre* into this World me brought?
What gloomie Day did dawne to giue me light?
What vnkind Hand to nurſe me (Orphane) ſought,
And would not leaue me in eternall Night?
What thing ſo deare as I hath eſſence bought?,
The Elements drie, humid, heauie, light,
The ſmalleſt liuing things which *Nature* wrought
Be fred of Woe if they haue ſmall delight.
Ah onelie I abandon'd to *Deſpaire*,
Naild to my torments in Pale *Horrours* ſhade,
Like wandring Clouds ſees all my Comforts fled,
And euill on euill with Houres my life impaire:
The Heauens and *Fortune* which were wont to turne,
Staye in one Manſion fix't to cauſe me mourne.

SON.

DEare Eye which daign'ſt on this ſad *Monument*,
The *ſable Scroule* of my Miſhaps to view,
Though with the mourniug *Muſes* teares be ſprent,
And darkelie drawen, which is not fain'd, but true.
If thou not dazel'd with a Heauenlie Hue,
And comelie Feature, didſt not yet lament,
But happie liues vnto thy ſelfe content,
O let not *Loue* thee to his Lawes ſubdue.
Looke on the woefull Ship-wrack of my Youth,
And let my Ruines for a *Phare* thee ſerue,
To ſhunne this Rocke *Capharean* of vntrueth,
And ſerue no God which doth his Church-men ſterue,
His Kingdome's but of plaints, his guerdon teares,
What he giues more is Iealouſies and Feares.

SON.

WHat cruell *Stayre* into this World me brought?
What gloomie Day did dawne to giue me light:
What vnkind Hand to nurse me (Orphane) sought,
And would not leaue me in eternall Night:
What thing so deare as shath essence bought?
The Elements drie, humid, heauie, light,
The smallest liuing things which *Nature* wrought
Buffed of Woe if they haue small delight.
Cath onelie I abandon'd to *Despaire*,
Nald to my torments in Pale *Horrours* shade,
Like wandring Clouds fees all my Comforts fled,
And euill on euill with Houres my life impaire:
The Heauens and *Fortune* which were wont to furne,
Staye in one Mansion fix't to cause me mourne.

SON.

DEare Eye which daign'st on this sad *Monument*,
The *sable Scroule* of my Mishaps to view,
Though with the mourning *Moses* teares be sprent,
And quakelie drawen, which is not fain'd, but true,
If thou not oze'd with a Heauenlie Flue,
And comelie Feature, didst not yet lament,
But happie *Bath* vnto thy selfe content,
O let not *Fortune* to his Lawes subdue.
Looke on the woefull Ship-wrack of my Youth,
And let my Ruines for a *Phare* thee serue,
To shunne this Rocke *Cathaureus* of vntrueth,
And serue no God which doth his Church men sterue,
His Kingdome's but of plaints, his guerdon teares,
What he giues mere is Iealousies and Feares.

MAD.

TO the delightfull Greene
Of you, faire radiant Eine
Let each Blacke yeeld beneath the ſtarrie Arche:
Eies burniſht Heauens of *Loue*,
Sinople Lampes of *Ioue*,
Saue that thoſe Harts which with your Flames yee parche
Two burning Sunnes you proue,
All other Eies compar'd with you deare lights
Be Hells, or if not Hells yet dumpiſh Nights.
The Heauens [if we their Glaſſe
The Sea beleaue] be greene, not perfite blew,
They all make faire what euer faire yet was,
And They be faire becauſe they looke like you.

SON.

NYmphes Siſter *Nymphes* which haunt this chriſtall Brooke,
And happie in theſe Floting Bowers abide,
Where trembling Roofes of Tres From Sunne you hide,
Which make Ideall woods in euerie Crooke;
Whether yee garlands For your lockes prouide,
Or pearlie letters ſeeke in ſandie Booke,
Or count your Loues when *Thetis* was a Bride,
Liftvp your golden heads and on mee looke.
Read in mine Eyes my agonizing Cares,
And what yee read recount to her againe:
Faire Nymphes ſay all theſe ſtreames are but my Teares,
And if ſhee aske you how they ſweete remaine,
Tell that the bittreſt teares which Eies can poure,
When Shed for her doe ceaſe more to be ſowre.

SON.

SHee whoſe faire flowers no *Antumne* makes decay,
Whoſe Hue Cæleſtiall, earthlie hues doth ſtaine,
Into a pleaſant odoriferous Plaine
Did walke alone, to braue the pride of *Maye*.
And whilſt through flowrie Liſts ſhe made her way,
Which ſmild about her ſight to entertaine,
Loe, vnawarres where *Loue* did hid remaine
Shee ſpied, and ſought to make of him her pray:
For which of golden lockes a faireſt haire
To binde the Boy ſhee tooke, But hee affraid
At her aproch ſprang ſwiftlie in the Aire,
And mounting farre from reach lookt backe and ſaid,
Why ſhouldſt thou [ſweete] me ſeeke in chaines to binde
Sith in thy eyes I daylie am confinde.

MAD.

SWeete Roſe whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excell?
Whence this moſt fragrant ſmell?
And whence this forme and gracing grace in you?
In faire *Paeſtanas* fields perhaps ye grew,
Or *Hyblas* Hilles you bred,
Orodoriferons *Ennas* Plaines you Fed,
Or *Tmolus*, or where Bore yong *Adon* ſlew,
Or hath the Queene of loue you died of new
In that deare Blood, which makes you looke ſo red?
No, none of thoſe, but Cauſe more high you bliſt,
My Ladies Breſt you bore, and Lips you Kiſt.

MAD.

O Nthis colde World of Ours,
Flowre of the seasons, Season of the Flowres,

MAD.

ON this colde World of Ours,
Flowre of the seasons, Season of the Flowres,
sone of the Sune sweet Spring,
Such hote and burning Dayes why doest thou bring?
Is this for that those high Eternall Pow'rs
Flash downe that Fire this All *enuironing?*
Or that now Phœbus *keepes his Sisters sphearc?*
Or doth some Phaëton
Enflame the Sea and Aire?
Or rather is't not vsher of the Yeare.
For that last Day among thy Flowres alone
Vnmask't thou saw my Faire?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd shee did thee burne,
And in thy Brother Summer *doth thee turne.*

SON.

DEare Wood, and you sweet solitarie Place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar liue,
Contented more with what your shades me giue,
Then if I had all *Thetis* doth embrace:
What snakie Eye growne Iealous of my pace,
Now from your silent Horrours would me driue?
When Sune progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the *Twines*, doth neare our Pole arriue.
What sweet Delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage Free,
Farre from the madding Worldlings hoarse discords,
Sweet flowrie Place I first did learne of thee:
Ah if I were mine owne, your deare resorts
I would not change with *Princes statelie Courts.*

SON.

AH who can ſee thoſe fruits of *Paradiſe*,
Celeſtiall Cherries which ſo ſweetly ſwell,
That *Sweetneſſe* ſelfe confinde there ſeemes to dwell,
And all thoſe ſweeteſt Parts about deſpiſe.
Ah who can ſee and feele no Flame ſurpriſe
His hardened Heart? for me *alas* too well
I know their Force, and how they doe excell,
Now burne I through Deſire, now doe I freeze,
I die (deare Life) vnleſſe to me be giuen,
As many Kiſſes as the *Spring* hath Flowres,
Or as the ſiluer drops of *Iris* Showres,
Or as their Starres in all-embracing Heauen,
And if diſpleaſd ye of the Matche complaine,
Ye ſhall haue leaue to take them backe againe.

SON.

IS't not enough (ay me) me thus to ſee
Like ſome Heauen-baniſh'd Ghoſt ſtill wailing goe,
A *Shadow* which your Rayes doe only ſhow;
To vexe me more, vnleſſe ye bid me die?
What could ye worſe allotte vnto your Foe?
But die will I, ſo ye will not denie
That grace to me which mortall Foes euen Trie,
To chuſe what ſort of Death ſhould end my woe.
Onc time I found while as yee did me kiſſe,
Ye gaue my panting Soule ſo ſweet a touch,
That halfe I ſownde in midſt of all my Bliſſe,
I doe but craue my Deathes-wound may be ſuch:
For though by Griefe I die not and Annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much Ioy?

VNhappie Light
Doe not approach to bring the wofull Day,
When I muſt bid for ay
Farewell to Her, and liue in endleſſe plight.
Faire Moone *with gentle Beames*
The ſight who neuer marres,
Long cleare Heauens ſable Vault, and you bright Starres
Your golden Lockes long Glaſſe in Earths pure ſtreames,
Let Phœbus *neuer riſe*
To dimme your watchfull Eyes.
Prolong (alas) prolong my ſhort delight,
And if yee can make an Eternall Night.

SON.

VVIth Griefe in Hart, and Teares in ſwelling Eyes,
When I to her had giuen a ſad Fare-well,
Cloſe ſealed with a Kiſſe, and Dew which fell
On my elſe-moiſtned Face from *Beauties* Skies.
So ſtrange Amazement did my Mind ſurpriſe,
That at each Pace I fainting turn'd againe,
Like One whom a *Torpedo* ſtupifies,
Not feeling *Honors* Bit, nor *Reaſons* Raine.
But when fierce Starres to parte me did conſtraine,
With backe-caſt Lookes I both enui'd and bliſſ'd,
The happie Walls and Place did Her coutaine,
Untill Sights Shafts that flying Obiect miſſ'd,
So Wailing parted *Ganamede* the faire,
When Eagles Talents bore him through the Aire.

SEXTAIN.

SEXTAIN.

Sith gone is my Delight and onelie Pleaſure,
The laſt of all my Hopes, the cheareſull Sunne
That clear'd my lifes darke Spheare, Natures ſweet Treaſure,
More deare to me then all beneath the Moone,
What reſteth now but that vpon this Mountaine
I weepe, till Heauen transforme me in a Fountaine?

Freſh, faire, delicious, chriſtall, pearlie Fountaine,
On whoſe ſmoth face to looke ſhe oft tooke Pleaſure,
Tell me (ſo may thy ſtreames long cheare this Mountaine,
So ſerpent ne're thee ſtaine, nor ſcorche the Sune,
So may with watrie beames thee kiſſe the Moone)
Doeſt thou not mourne to want ſo faire a Treaſure?

While ſhe her glaſſ'd in thee rich Tagus Treaſure,
Thou needed not enuy, nor yet the Fountaine,
In which that Hunter ſaw the naked Moone,
Abſence hath rob'd thee of thy Wealth and Pleaſure,
And I remaine like Marigold *of* Sune
Depriu'd, that dies by ſhadow of ſome Mountaine.

Nymphes of the Forreſts, Nymphes who on this Mountaine
Are wont to dance, ſhewing your Beauties Treaſure
To Goate-feete Syluans, *and the wondring* Sune,
When as you gather flowres about this Fountaine,
Bid her farewell who placed here her Pleaſure,
And ſing her praiſes to the ſtarres and Moone.

Among the leſſer lights as is the Moone,
Bluſhing through ſcarfe of clouds on Latmos Mountaine,

Or

Or when her ſiluer Lockes ſhe lookes for Pleaſure
In Thetis *ſtreames, prowd of ſo gay a* Treaſure,
Such was my Faire when Shee *ſate by this* Fountaine
With other Nymphes to ſhunne the amorous Sunne.

As is our Earth in abſence of the Sune,
Or when of Sune *deprined is the* Moone,
As is without a verdant ſhade a Fountaine,
Or wanting graſſe, a Mead, a Vale, a Mountaine,
Such is my ſtate bereft of my deare Treaſure,
To know whoſe onely worth was all my Pleaſure.

Ne're thinke of Pleaſure *Hart, Eyes ſhune the* Sune,
Teares be your Treaſure, *which the wandring* Moone,
Shall ſee you ſhed by Mountaine, *Vaile, and* Fountaine.

SON.

WIndow ſometime which ſerued for a Spheare
To that deare Planet of my heart, whoſe light
Made often bluſh the glorious Queene of Night,
While *Shee* in thee more beautious did appeare,
What mourning weeds (alas) now doeſt thou weare?
How loathſome to my eyes is thy ſad ſight?
How poorely lookes thou, with what heauie cheare,
Since ſets that Sunne which made thee ſhine ſo bright.
Vnhappie now thee cloſe, for as of late
To wondring Eyes thou was a Paradiſe,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A Gulfe thou art whence clouds of ſighes ariſe:
But vnto none ſo noyſome as to me,
Who hourelie ſees my murthered Ioyes in thee.

SON.

HOw many times *Nights ſilent Queene* her face
Hath hidde, how oft with Starres in ſiluer Maske,
In Heauens great Hall, ſhe hath begunne her Taske,
And chear'd the waking Eye in lower Place.
How oft the *Sunne* hath made by Heauens ſwift Race
The happie Louer to forſake the Breſt
Of his deare Lady, wiſhing in the Weſt
His Golden Coach to runne had larger Space.
I euer count and tell ſince I alas
Did bidde Farewell to my Harts deareſt Gueſt,
The Miles I number, and in Minde I chaſſe
The Floodes and Mountaines hold me from my Reſt.
But woe is me, long count and count may I,
Ere I ſee Her whoſe Abſence makes me die.

SON.

OF Death ſome tell, ſome of the cruell Paine,
Which that bad Craftſ-man in his Worke did trie,
When [a new Monſter] Flames once did conſtraine
A humane Corps to yeeld a brutiſh Crie.
Some tell of thoſe in burning Beds who lie,
Becauſe they durſt in the *Phlegrean* Plaine
The mightie Rulers of the Skie defie,
And ſiege thoſe chryſtall Towres which all containe,
An other countes of *Phlegethons* hote Floods
The Soules which drinke, *Ixions* endleſſe ſmart,
And his to whom a Vulture eates the Hart,
One telles of Spectersin enchanted Woods:
Of all thoſe Paines th'extreameſt who would proue,
Let him be abſent and but burne in Loue.

SON.

HAire precious haire which *Midas* hand did ſtraine
Part of the Wreath of gold that crownes thoſe browes,
Which *Winters* whiteſt white in whiteneſſe ſtaine,
And lillie by *Eridans* banke that growes.
Haire [fatall preſent] which firſt cauſde my woes
When looſe yee hang like *Danaes* golden Raine,
Sweet Nets which ſweetlie doe all hearts enchaine,
Strings deadly ſtrings with which *Loue* bends his bowes.
How are yee hither come tell me O haire?
Deare Armelet for what thus were yee giuen?
I know a badge of bondage I you weare,
Yet haire for you O that I were a *Heauen*!
Like *Berenices Locke* that yee might ſhine,
(But brighter farre) about this Arme of mine.

SON.

ARe theſe the flowrie bankes? is this the *Meád*
Where *ſhe* was wont to paſſe the pleaſant howres?
Was't here her Eyes exhalld mine eyes ſalt ſhowres,
And on her lap did lay my wearied Head?
Is this the goodlie *Elme* vs did o'reſpread,
Whoſe tender Rine cut forth in curious flowres
By that white hand containes thoſe flames of Ours?
Is this the murmuring *Spring* vs muſicke made?
Deflouriſht *Meade* where is your heauenlie hue?
And Banke that *Arras* did you late adorne,
How looke ye *Elme* all withered and forlorne?
Onely ſweet *Spring* nought altered ſeemes in you.
But while here chang'd each other thing appeares,
To ſoure your ſtreames take of mine Eies theſe teares.

SON.

A *Lexis* here *ſhee* ſtay'd, among theſe Pines
Sweet Hermitreſſe did all alone repaire,
Here did *ſhee* ſpred the Treaſure of her Haire,
More rich then that broght from the *Colchian* Mines.
Shee ſet her by theſe musket Eglantines,
The happie flowres ſeeme yet the print to beare,
Her voice did ſweeten here thy fugred lines,
To which Windes, Trees, Beaſts, Birdes did lend their Eare.
Me here *ſhee* firſt perceau'd, and here a Morne
Of bright *Carnations* did o'reſpred her Face;
Here did *ſhee* ſigh, here firſt my Hopes were borne,
And I firſt got a Pledge of promiſ'd Grace:
But *ah* what ſerues't to haue beene made happpie ſo?
Sith paſſed Pleaſures double but new woe.

SON.

PLace me where angrie *Titan* burnes the *More*,
And thirſtie *Africke* fierie Monſters brings,
Or where the new-borne *Phœnix* ſpreds her Wings
And troupes of wondring Birds her flight adore.
Place me by *Gange* or *Indes* empampred ſhore,
Where ſmyling Heauens on Earth cauſe double Springs,
Place me where *Neptunes* Quire of *Syrens* ſings,
Or where made hoarſe through Cold he leaues to roare.
Me place where *Fortune* doth her Darlings Crowne,
A *Wonder* or a *ſparke* in *Enuies* Eye,
Or late outragious *Fates* vpon me frowne,
And *Pittie* wailing ſee diſaſtred *Mee*,
Affections print my minde ſo deepe doth proue,
I may forget my Selfe; but not my Loue.

MAD.

THe Yuorie, Corrall, Gold,
Of breſt, of lips, of haire,
So liuelie Sleep *doth ſhow to inward ſight,*
That wake I thinke I hold
No Shadow, but my Faire:
My ſelfe ſo to deceaue
With long-ſhoot Eyes I ſhunne the irkeſome Light.
Such pleaſure thus I haue
Delighting in falſe gleames,
If Death Sleepes *Brother be,*
And Soules relieu'd of ſenſe haue ſo ſweete Dreames,
That I would wiſh me ſo to dreame and die.

SON.

FAme who with golden pennes abroad doth range
Where *Phœbus* leaues the Night or brings the Day,
Fame in one place who reſtleſſe doeſt not ſtay
Till thou haſt flowne from *Atlas* vnto *Gange*,
Fame Enemie to *Time* that ſtill doth change,
And in his changing Courſe would make decay
All here below he findeth in his way,
Euen making *Vertue* to her ſelfe looke ſtrange.
Daughter of Heauen; Now all thy Trumpets ſound,
Raiſe vp thy Head vnto the higheſt Skie,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found,
And when *ſhee* from this mortall Globe ſhall flie,
In thy wide Mouth keepe long, long keepe her Name,
So thou by Her, *ſhee* by thee liue ſhall *Fame*.

THE SECOND PART.

OF mortall Glorie O Soone darkned Raye!
O winged Ioyes of Man more ſwift then Winde!
O fond Deſires which in our fancies ſtraye!
O traitrous Hopes which doe our Iudgments blinde!
Loe, in a Flaſh that Light is went away
Which dazell did each Eye, delight each Minde,
And with that *Sunne* from whence it came combinde
Now makes more radiant Heauens eternall Daye.
Let *Beautie* now be blubbred Cheekes with Teares,
Let widow'd Muſicke onely roare and grone,
Poore *Vertue* get thee Wings and mount the Spheares
For dwelling place on Earth for thee is none:
Death hath thy Temple raz'd, *Loues* Empire foild,
The World of Honour, Worth, and Sweetneſſe ſpoild.

SON.

THoſe Eyes, thoſe ſparkling Saphires of Delight,
Which thouſand thouſand Hearts did ſet on Fire,
Of which that Eie of Heauen which brings the light
Oft Iealous, ſtayed amaz'd them to admire.
That liuing Snow, thoſe crimſin Roſes bright,
Thoſe Pearles, thoſe Rubies which did kindle Deſire,
Thoſe Lockes of Gold, that Purple faire of *Tyre*,
Are wrapt [aye me!] vp in eternall Night.
What haſt thou more to vaunt of wretched World
Sith *Shee* who curſed thee made bliſt is gone?
Thy euer-burning Lampes, Rounds Euer-whorld
Can not vnto thee modell ſuch a One:
Or if they would ſuch Beautie bring on Earth
They ſhould be forc'd againe to make her breath.

SON.

O *Fate* conjur'd to poure your worſt on me
O rigorous Rigour which doth all confound!
With cruell Hands yee haue cut downe the Tree
And fruit and flowriſh ſcattred on the Ground.
A litle ſpace of Earth my Loue doth bound,
That Beautie which did raiſe it to the Skie
Turn'd in diſdained Duſt now low doth lie,
Deafe to my plaints, and ſenſeleſſe of my wound.
Ah! did I liue for this, *ah!* did I loue?
And was't for this (fierce powers) ſhee did excell?
That ere ſhee well the Sweets of life did proue
Shee ſhould (too deare a gueſt) with *Horrour* dwell?
Weake influence of Heauen! what faire is wrought
Falls in the prime and paſſeth like a Thought.

SON

O Wofull life! life, no, but liuing Death,
Fraile Boat of Chriſtall in a rockie Sea,
A Sport expoſde to *Fortunes* ſtormie breath,
Which kept with paine with Terrour doth decay:
The falſe Delights, true Woes thou doeſt bequeath
My all-appalled Minde ſo doe affraye,
That I thoſe enuie who are laid in Earth,
And pittie ſuch ſhould runne thy dreadfull waye.
When did mine Eyes behold one chearefull Morne?
When had my toſſed Soule one Night of reſt?
When did not angrie Sarres my Deſignes ſcorne?
O! now I finde for Mortalls what is beſt:
Euen, ſith our voyage ſhamefull is and ſhort,
Soone to ſtricke Saile, and periſh in the Port.

SON.

MIne Eies diſſolue your Globes in brinie Streames,
And with a cloud of Sorrow dimme your ſight,
The Sunnes bright *Sune* is ſet, of late whoſe Beames
Gaue luſter to your Day, Day to your Night.
My Voice now deaue the Earth with Anatheames,
Rore foorth a chalenge in the Worlds deſpight,
Tell that diſguiſed Griefe is her delight,
That Life a Slomber is of fearefull Dreames.
And woefull Minde abhorre to thinke of Ioy,
My Senſes all from comforts all you hide,
Accept no obiect but of blacke Annoy,
Teares, Plaints, Sighs, mourning Weeds, Graues gaping wide:
I haue nought left to wiſh; my Hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a Marble laid.

SON.

SWeet Soule which in the Aprile of thy yeares
For to enrich the Heauen mad'ſt poore this Round,
And now with flamming Rayes of Glorie crownd
Moſt bleſt abides aboue the Spheare of Spheares;
If Heauenlie Lawes *alas* haue not thee bound
From looking to this Globe that all vpbeares,
If rueth and pittie there-aboue be found,
O daigne to lend a looke vnto theſe Teares.
Doe not diſdaine (deare Ghoſt) this ſacrifice,
And though I raiſe not pillars to thy Praiſe
My offrings take, let this for me ſuffice,
My Heart a *liuing Pyramide* I raiſe:
And whilſt Kings Tombes with Lawrells flowriſh greene
Thine ſhall with Mirtles and theſe flowres be ſeene.

SON.

SWeet *Spring* thou turnes with all thy goodlie traine,
Thy Head with Flames, thy Mantle bright with Flowres,
The *Zephires* curle the greene Lockes of the Plaine,
The Clouds for joy in Pearles weepe downe their Showres.
Thou turnes ſweet Youth; but *ah* my pleaſant Houres
And happie Dayes with thee come not againe,
The ſad Memorialls onelie of my paine
Doe with thee turne, which turne my Sweets in Sowres.
Thou art the Same which ſtill thou was before
Delicious, wanton, amiable, faire,
But *ſhee* whoſe Breath embaulm'd thy wholeſome Aire
Is gone; Nor Gold, nor Gemmes her can reſtore.
Neglected *Vertue* Seaſons goe and come
When thine forgot lie cloſed in a Tombe.

SON.

WHat doth it ſerue to ſee Sunnes burning Face?
And *Skies* enembl'd with both the *Indies* Gold?
Or Moone at Night in jeattie Charriot roll'd,
And all the Glorie of that ſtarrie Place?
What doth it ſerue Earths Beautie to behold?
The Mountaines pride, the Meadowes flowrie grace,
The ſtatelie comelineſſe of Forreſts old,
The Sport of Flouds which would themſelues embrace?
What doth it ſerue to heare the *Syluans* Songs,
The wanton Merle, the *Nightingalls* ſad ſtraines
Which in darke ſhades ſeemes to deplore my Wrongs?
For what doth ſerue all that this World containes?
Sith *ſhee* for whom thoſe once to me were deare
Can haue no part of them now with me heere.

MADRIGAL.

THis Life which ſeemes ſo faire,
Is Like a Bubble blowen vp in the Aire,
By ſporting childrens Breath,
Who chaſe it euery where,
And ſtriue who can moſt motion it bequeath.
And though it ſometime ſeeme of its owne might
Like to an Eie of gold to be fix'd there
And firme to houer in that emptie hight,
That onlie is *becauſe it is ſo Light.*
But in that Pompe it doth not long appeare;
For when it moſt admir'd is, in a thought
Becauſe it earſt was nought it turnes to nought,.

SON.

MY Lute be as thou was when thou did grow
With thy greene Mother in ſome ſhadie Groue,
When immelodious *Winds* but made thee moue,
And *Birds* their ramage on thee did beſtow.
Sith that deare voice which did thy ſounds approue,
Which wont in ſuch harmonious Straines to flow,
Is reft from Earth *to tune thoſe ſpheares aboue,*
What art thou but a Harbenger of woe?
Thy pleaſing Notes be pleaſing Notes no more,
But Orphane wailings to the fainting Eare,
Each Stroke a ſigh, each Souud drawes forth a Teare,
For which [redacted] ſilent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee daigne,
Like widow'd Turtle ſtill her loſſe complaine.

SON.

AH *Napkin*, ominous preſent of my Deare,
Gift miſerable, which doth now remaine
The only Guerdon of my helpeleſſe Paine,
When I thee got thou ſhewſt my State to cleare.
I neuer ſince haue ceaſed to complaine,
Since, I the Badge of *Griefe* did euer weare,
Ioy in my Face durſt neuer ſince appeare,
Care was the Food which did me entertaine.
But ſith thou mine art (*Napken*) doe not grieue,
That I this Tribute pay thee from mine Eine,
And that I (this ſhort Time I am to liue)
Laundre thy ſilken Figures in this Brine:
No, I muſt yet euen beg of thee the Grace,
In Graue that thou wouldſt daigne to ſhroud my Face.

MAD.

TRees happier farre then I,
Which haue the Grace to heaue your Head ſo hie,
And ouer-looke thoſe Plaines:
Grow till your Branches kiſſe that lofty Skie
Which her (ſweet Her) containes.
There make her know mine endleſſe Loue, and Paines,
And how theſe Teares which from mine Eyes doe fall,
Helpt you to riſe ſo Tall:
Her tell, as once I for her ſake lou'd Breath,
So for her ſake I now court lingring Death.

SONG.

SAd Damon *being come,*
To that for euer Lamentable Tombe,
Which thoſe eternall Powers that all controule,
Vnto his liuing Soule
A melancholie priſon had preſcriu'd:
Of Hue, of Heate, of motion depriu'd,
In Armes weake, Fainting, Cold,
A Marble, he the Marble did infold:
And hauing warme it made with many a ſhowre
Which dimmed Eies did poure,
When Griefe had giuen him leaue, and ſighs them ſtayd,
Thus with a ſad alas *at laſt he ſaid.*
Who would haue thought to mee
The place where thou did lie could grieuous be?
And that (deare bodie) Long thee hauing ſought,
(O me!) who would haue thought
Thee once to finde it ſhould my Soule confound,
And giue my Hart then death a deeper wound?
Thou did diſdaine my Teares,
But grieue not that this ruthfull Stone them beares,
Mine Eies for nothing ſerue but thee to weepe,
And let their courſe them keepe,
Although thou neuer wouldſt them comfort ſhow,
Doe not repine They haue Part of thy woe.
Ah wretch! to late I finde
How Vertues *glorious Titles proue but winde;*
For if ſhee anay could releaſe from Death,
Thou yet enioy'd hadſt Breath:
For if ſhee ere appeard to mortall Eine,
It was in thy faire ſhape that ſhee was ſeene.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why to am I not dead?

Why doe outragious Fates *which dimm'd thy ſight,*
Let mee ſee hatefull light?
They without mee made Death thee ſurpriſe
Tyrants (perhaps) *that they might kill me twice.*
O Griefe! And could one Daye
Haue force ſuch excellence to take away?
Could a ſwift-flying Moment ah *deface,*
Thoſe matchleſſe gifts, that Grace,
Which Art, *and* Nature *had in thee combinde*
To make thy Body paragone thy Minde?
Hath all paſſ'd like a clowd,
And doth eternall Silence now them ſhroud?
Is what ſo much admird was nought but Duſt,
Of which a Stone hath Truſt?
O change! O cruell change thou to our ſight
Shows Deſtines *Rigour equall doth their Might!*
When thou from earth did paſſe
(Sweet Nymphe) Perfections Mirrour broken was,
And this of late ſo glorious World of ours,
Like Medow without Flowres,
Or Ring of a rich Gemme made blinde appear'd,
Or Night by Starre nor Cynthia *nather cleard,*
Loue *when hee ſaw thee die*
Entomb'd him in thee lid of either Eie,
And left his Torch within thy ſacred Vrne
There for a Lampe to burne:
Worth, Honour, Pleaſure with thy life expir'd,
Death ſince growne ſweete begins to be deſird.
Whilſt thou to vs was giuen
The Earth her Venus *had as well as Heauen:*
Nay, and her Sunne *which burnt as many Harts,*
As he doth eaſterne parts;
Bright Sunne which forc'd to leaue theſe Hemiſpheares,
Benighted, ſet into a Sea of Teares.

Ah *Death who ſhall thee flie,*
Sith the moſt worthie be o'rethrowne by thee?
Thou ſpares the Rauens and Nightingalls doth kill,
And triumphs at thy will:
But giue thou can not ſuch an other Blow
Becauſe Earth can not one like her thee ſhow.
O Bitter ſweets of Loue!
How better is't at all you not to proue,
Nor when wee doe your pleaſures moſt poſſeſſe,
To finde them then made leſſe?
O! That the cauſe which doth conſume our ioy
Remembrance of it to would to deſtroy!
What doth this life beſtow
But Flowres on Thornes which grow?
Which though they ſome time blandiſhing delighte,
Yet afterwards vs ſmyte:
And if the riſing Sunne them faire doth ſee,
That Planet ſetting, to behelds them die.
This world is made a Hell
Depriu'd of all that in it did excell.
O Pan Pan *Winter is fallen in our Maye,*
Turn'd is in Night our Daye.
Forſake thy Pipe a Scepter take to thee,
Thy lockes diſgarland thou blacke Ioue *ſhall be.*
The Flocks doe leaue the Meads,
And lothing three leau'd Graſſe hold vp their Heads.
The Streames not glide now with a gentle Rore,
Nor Birds ſing as before,
Hills ſtand with clouds like Murners vaild in blacke,
And Owles on Caban Roofes for tell our wracke.
That Zephire *euerie yeare*
So ſoone was heard to ſigh in Forreſts heere,
It was for her: that wrapt in Gownes of Greene,
Meads were ſo earely ſeene;

That in the ſaddeſt Months oft ſong the Mearles,
It was for Her: for Her Trees dropt forth pearles.
That proud, and ſtatelie Courts
Did enuie theſe our Shades and calme Reſorts,
It was for Her: and Shee is gone, O woe!
Woods cut againe doe grow,
Bude doth the Roſe, and Dazie, winter done,
But wee once dead doe no more ſee thee Sunne.
Whoſe Name ſhall now make ring
The Ecchoes*? of whom ſhall the Nymphettes ſing?*
Woſe heauenlie voice, whoſe Soule-inuading Straines,
Shall fill with Ioy the plaines?
What Haire, wat Eies can make the Morne *in Eaſt,*
Weepe that a fairer riſeth in the weſt?
Faire Sunne *poſte ſtill away,*
No Muſicke heere is left thy Courſe to ſtay.
Sweete Hybla *ſwarmes with Wormewood fill your Bowres,*
Gone is the flowre of Flowres:
Bluſhe no more Roſe, nor Lillie paile remaine,
Dead is that Beautie which yours late did ſtaine
Ay mee *to waile my Plight*
Why haue not I as many Eies as Night?
Or as that Sheepheard which Ioues *loue did keepe,*
That I ſtill ſtill may weepe?
But though I had, my Teares *vnto my croſſe*
Were not yet equall, nor Griefe to my loſſe.
Yet of you brinie Showres
Which I herepoure, may ſpring as many flowrs,
As come of thoſe which fell from Helens *Eies,*
And when yee doe ariſe
May euery Leafe in ſable letters beare
The Dolefull Cauſe for which yee ſpring-vp heere.

MAD.

THe Beautie and the Life
Of *Lifes* and *Beauties* faireſt Paragon,
(O Teares! O Griefe!) hang at a feable Thread,
To which pale ATROPOS had ſet her Knife.
The Soule with many a Gone
Had left each outward Part,
And now did take his laſt Leaue of the Hart;
Nought elſe did want *ſaue Death* for to be dead:
When the afflicted Band about her Bed
Seeing ſo faire him come in Lips, Cheekes, Eyes,
Cried *ah!* and can *Death enter Paradiſe.*

SON.

O! It is not to me bright Lampe of Day,
That in the Eaſt thou ſhowes thy golden Face,
O! it is not to me thou leaues that Sea,
And in thoſe azure Liſts begins thy Race.
Thou ſhines not to the Dead in any Place,
And I dead from this World am paſt away,
Or if I ſeeme (a Shadow) yet to ſtay,
It is a while but to bewaile my Caſe.
My Mirth is loſt, my Comforts are diſmayd,
And vnto ſad Miſhaps their Place doe yeeld;
My Knowledge doth reſemble a bloody Field,
Where I my Hopes and helpes ſee proſtrate layd.
So plaintfull is Lifes Courſe which I haue runne,
That I doe wiſh it neuer had begunne.

MAD.

DEare Night the eaſe of Care,
Vntroubled Seate of Peace
Times eldeſt Childe which oft the blinde doe ſee,
On this our Hemiſpeare
What makes thee now ſo ſadlie darke to be?
Comes thou in funerall Pompe her Graue to grace?
Or do thoſe Starres which ſhould thy horror cleare,
In *Ioues* high Hall aduiſe,
In what Part of the ſkies,
With them, or *Cynthia ſhee* ſhall appeare?
Or (ah alas) becauſe thoſe matecheleſſe eies,
Which ſhone ſo faire, below thou doeſt not finde,
Striues thou to make all others Eies looke blinde?

SON.

SIth it hath pleaſd that Firſt and ſupreme *Faire*
To take that Beautie to himſelfe againe,
Which in *this world of ſenſe* not to remaine,
But to amaze was ſent, and home repaire;
The Loue which to that Beautie I did beare
Made Pure of mortall ſpots which did it ſtaine,
And endleſſe, which euen *Death* can not impare,
I place on him who will it not diſdaine.
No ſhining Eies, no Lockes of curling gold,
No bluſhing Roſes on a virgine Face,
No outward Show, no, nor no inward Grace,
Shall Force hereafter haue my thoughts to hold:
Loue here on Earth hudge ſtormes of care do toſſe
But Plac'd aboue eximed is from loſſe.

SONG.

IT Autumne *was, and on our Hemiſpheare*
Faire Ericine *began bright to appeare,*
Night *Weſt-ward did her gemmie World decline,*
And hide her Lights, that greater Light might ſhine:
The creſted Bird had giuen Alarum twiſe
To lazie Mortalls to vnlocke their Eyes,
The Owle had left to plaine, and from each Thorne
The wing'd Muſicians did ſalute the Morne,
Who (while She glaſſ'd her Lockes in Ganges *Streames)*
Set open wide the chryſtall Port *of Dreames:*
When I, whoſe Eyes no drouſie Night could cloſe,
In Sleepes *ſoft armes did quietly repoſe,*
And, for that Heauens to die me did denie,
Deaths *Image kiſſed, and as dead did lie.*
I lay as dead, but ſcarſe charm'd were my Cares,
And ſlaked ſcarce my Sighs, ſcarce dried my Teares,
Sleepe *ſcarce the vglie Figures of the Day*
Had with his ſable Pincell put away,
And left me in a ſtill and calmie Mood,
When *by my Bed (me thought) a Virgine ſtood,*
A Virgine in the blooming of her Prime,
If ſuch rare Beautie meaſur'd be by Time.
Her Head a Garland weare of Opalls bright,
About her flow'd a Gowne like pureſt Light,
Deare amber Lockes gaue Vmbrage to her Face,
Where Modeſtie high Maieſtie did grace,
Her Eyes ſuch Beames ſent foorth, that but with Paine
Here weaker Sights their ſparckling could ſuſtaine.
No faigned Deitie which haunts the Woods
Is like to Her, nor Syrene *of the Floods:*
Such is the Golden Planet of the Yeare,
When bluſhing in the Eaſt he doth appeare.

Her Grace did beautie, Voyce yet Grace did paſſe,
Which thus through Pearles and Rubies broken was.
How long wilt thou (ſaid She) eſtrang'd from Ioy,
Paint Shadowes to thy ſelfe of falſe Annoy?
How long thy Mind with horrid Shapes affright,
And in imaginarie Euills delight?
Eſteeme that Loſſe which (well when view'd) is Gaine,
Or if a Loſſe, yet not a Loſſe to plaine?
O leaue thy plaintfull Soule more to moleſt,
And thinke that Woe when ſhorteſt, then is beſt.
If Shee for whom thou thus doſt deaue the Skie
Be dead? What then? was She *not borne to die?*
Was She *not mortall borne? if thou doeſt grieue*
That Times ſhould be in which She *ſhould not liue,*
Ere e're ſhe was, weepe that Dayes wheele was roll'd,
Weepe that ſhe liu'd not in the Age of Gold.
For that ſhe was not then, thou mayſt deplore
As well as that ſhe now can be no more.
If only ſhe had died, thou ſure hadſt Cauſe
To blame the Deſtines *and their irone Lawes:*
But looke how many Millions her aduance,
What numbers with Her enter in this Dance,
With thoſe which are to come: ſhall Heauens them ſtay,
And Alls *faire Order breake thee to obey?*
As Birth, Death which ſo much thee doth appall,
A Piece is of the Life of this great All.
Strong Cities die, die doe high palmie Raignes,
And fondling thou thus to be treat complaines.
If ſhe be dead, then ſhe of lothſome Dayes
Hath paſſ'd the Line, whoſe Length but Loſſe bewrayes,
Then ſhe hath left this filthie Stage of Care
Where Pleaſure ſeldome, Woe doth ſtill repaire.

For all the Pleaſures which it intertaine
Not contreuaile the ſmalleſt Minuts paine.
And tell me, thou who doeſt ſo much admire
This little Vapour, Recke, this Sparke or Fire,
Which Life *is call'd; what doth it thee bequeath*
But ſome few yeares which Birth drawes out to Death?
Which if thou Paragone with Luſters runne,
And them whoſe Carrier is but now begunne,
In Dayes great Vaſte they ſhall farre leſſe appeare,
Then with the Sea when matched is a Teare.
But why wouldſt thou her longer wiſh to be?
One Yeare doth ſerue all Natures *Pompe to ſee,*
Nay, euen one Day, and Night: this Moone, that Sunne,
Thoſe leſſer Fires about this Round which runne,
Be but the ſame which vnder Saturnes *Raigne,*
Did the ſerpenting Seaſons interchaine.
How oft doth Life grow leſſe by liuing long?
And what excelleth but what dieth yong?
For Age which all abhorre (yet would embrace)
Whiles makes the Mind as wrinckled as the Face.
And when that Deſtines *doe conſpire with Worth,*
That Yeares not Glorie wrong Life ſoone goes forth.
Then leaue Laments, and thinke thou didſt not liue
Lawes to that firſt eternall Cauſe to giue,
But to obey thoſe Lawes which he hath giuen,
And bow vnto the iuſt decrees of Heauen,
Which cannot erre, what euer foggie Miſts
Doe blinde men in theſe ſublunarie Liſts.
But what if ſhe for whom thou ſpends thoſe Grones,
And waſtes thy Lifes deare Torch in ruthful Mones
She for whoſe ſake thou hates the ioyfull Light,
Courts ſolitarie Shades and irkeſome Night,

Doth liue? ah! *(if thou canſt) through Teares aſſay*
Lift thy dimm'd Lights, and looke vpon this Face,
Looke if thoſe Eyes which (foole) thou didſt adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Looke if thoſe Roſes Death *could Ought impaire*
Thoſe Roſes which thou once ſaid were ſo faire,
And if theſe Lockes haue loſt ought of that Gold
Which earſt they had when thou them didſt behold.
I liue, and happie liue, but thou art dead,
And ſtill ſhalt be, till thou be like me made.
Alas *while we are wrapt in Gownes of Earth,*
And blind here ſucke the Aire of Woe beneath,
Each thing in Senſes Ballances we wie,
And but with toyle, and Paine the truth deſcrie.
Aboue this vaſte and admirable Frame,
This Temple viſible, which World we name,
Within whoſe Walls ſo many Lamps doe burne,
So many Arches oppoſite doe turne,
Where the Elementall Brothers nourſe their ſtrife,
And by inteſtine Warres maintaine their Life:
There is a World, a World of perfect Bliſſe,
Pure, immateriall, bright, more farre from this,
Than that high Circle which the reſt enſpheares
Is from this dull, ignoble Vale of Teares.
A World where all is found, that here is found,
But farder diſcrepant than Heauen and Ground:
It hath an Earth, as hath this World of yours,
With Creatures peopled, & enamll'd with Flowres,
It hath a Sea, like Saphire Girdle caſt
Which decks of the harmonious Shores the VVaſte,
It hath pure Fire, it hath delicious Aire,
Moone, Sunne, and Starres, Heauens wonderfully faire,

But there, Flowres doe not fade, Trees grow not old,
The Creatures doe not die through heat or cold;
Nor there not tosted is, nor Aire made blacke,
Fire doth not noursh'd selfe on others Wracke:
There, Heauens he not constrain'd about to range,
For this World hath not need of any Change:
The Minuts grow not Houres, Houres rise not Dayes,
Dayes make no Months but ever blooming Mayes.
Here I remaine, and hitherward doe tend,
All who their Span of Dayes in Vertue spend.
What euer Pleasant this low Place containes
Is but a Glance of what above remaines.
Those who (perchance) thinke there can nothing be
Without this wide Expansion which they see,
And that nought else mounts Starres Circumference,
For that nought else is subiect to their sense,
Feele such a Case, as one whom some Abisme
Of the depth Ocean kept had all his Time:
Who borne, and nourisht there, cannot beliue
That else where Ought without those waues can liue:
Can not beleiue that there be Temples, Towres,
Which goe beyond his Caues and dampish Bowres:
Or there be other People, Maners, Lawes,
Than them be fouls within the churlish Waues:
That Greater Flowres doe spring than grow on Earth,
Or he is be which excell the skaliie Flocks,
That other Elements be to be found
Than is the Water and this Ball of Ground.
But think that Man from these Abisms were brought,
And saw what curious Nature here hath wrought.
Did see the Meads, the tall and shadie Woods,
The Hills did see, the cleare and ambling Floods,

But there, Flowres doe not fade, Trees grow not old,
The Creatures doe not die through heat or cold;
Sea there not toſſed is, nor Aire made blacke,
Fire doth not nourſe it ſelfe on others Wracke:
There, Heauens be not conſtrain'd about to range,
For this World hath not need of any Change:
The Minuts grow not Houres, Houres riſe not Dayes,
Dayes make no Months but euer-blooming Mayes.
Here I remaine, and hitherward doe tend,
All who their Span of Dayes in Vertue ſpend.
What euer Pleaſant this low Place containes
Is but a Glance of what aboue remaines.
Thoſe who (perchance) thinke there can nothing be
Without this wide Expanſion which they ſee,
And that nought elſe mounts Starres Circumference,
For that nought elſe is ſubiect to their ſenſe,
Feele ſuch a Caſe, as one whom ſome Abiſme
Of the depth Ocean *kept had all his Time:*
Who borne, and nouriſht there, cannot beliue
That elſe-where Ought without thoſe waues can liue:
Can not beleeue that there be Temples, Towres,
Which goe beyond his Caues and dampiſh Bowres:
Or there be other People, Maners, Lawes,
Than them he finds within the churliſh Waues:
That ſweeter Flowres doe ſpring, than grow on Rocks,
Or Beaſts be which excell the skalie Flocks,
That other Elements be to be found
Than is the Water and this Ball of Ground.
But thinke that Man from thoſe Abiſmes were brought,
And ſaw what curious Nature *here hath wrought,*
Did ſee the Meads, the tall and ſhadie Woods,
The Hills did ſee, the cleare and ambling Floods,

The diuerſe Shapes of Beaſts which Kinds foorth bring,
The feathred Troupes that flie, and ſweetly ſing:
Did ſee the Palaces, the Cities faire,
Mens Faſhion of Life, the Fire, the Aire,
The brightnes of the Sunne that dimmes his Sight,
The Moone, the gaſtly Splendors of the Night:
What vncouth rapture would his Mind ſurpriſe?
How would he his late-deare Reſort deſpiſe?
How would he muſe how fooliſh he had beene,
To thinke Nought be but what he there had ſeene?
Why did we get this high and vaſte Deſire
Vnto immortall things ſtill to aſpire?
Why doth our Mind extend it beyond Time,
And to that higheſt Happineſſe *euen clime?*
If wee be Nought but what to Senſe *wee ſeeme,*
And Duſt, as moſt of Worldlings vs eſteeme?
We be not made for Earth, though here we come,
More than the Embryon *for the Mothers Wombe:*
It weepes to be made free, and we complaine
To leaue this lothſome Iayle of Care and Paine.
But thou who vulgare foot-ſteps doſt not trace
Learne to raiſe vp thy mind vnto this Place,
And what Earth-creeping Mortalls moſt affect,
If not at all to ſcorne, yet to neglect:
O chaſe not Shadowes *vaine, which when obtaind,*
Were better loſſ'd than with ſuch trauell gain'd.
Thinke that, on Earth which Humanes Greatneſſe *call,*
Is but a glorious Title to liue thrall:
That Scepters, Diadems, and Chaires of State,
Not in themſelues but to ſmall Minds are great:
How thoſe who loftieſt mount doe hardeſt light,
And deepeſt Falls be from the higheſt Hight:

How Fame *an Eccho is, how all Renowne*
Like to a blasted Rose, ere Night falls downe:
And though it some thing were, thinke how this Round
Is but a litle Point, which doth it bound.
O leaue that Loue which reacheth but to Dust,
And in that Loue Eternall *only trust,*
And Beautie, *which when once it is possest*
Can only fill the Soule and make it blest.
Pale Enuie, iealous Emulations, Feares,
Sighs, *Plaints, Remorse, here haue no* Place *nor Teares,*
False Ioyes, vaine Hopes, here be not, Hate nor Wrath,
What ends all Loue here most augments it Death.
If such Force had the dimme Glance of an Eye,
Which some few Dayes thereafter was to die,
That it could make thee leaue all other things,
And like the Taper-flie there burne thy Wings?
And if a voyce, of late which could but waile,
Such Power had as through Eares thy Soule *to steale?*
If once thou on that only Faire *couldst gaze,*
What Flames of Loue would he within thee raise?
In what a mazing Maze would it thee bring,
To heare but once that Quire celestiall sing?
The fairest Shapes on which thy Loue did sease,
Which earst did breed Delight, then would displease,
Then Discords hoarse were Earths entising Sounds,
All Musicke but a Noyse, which Sense confounds.
This great and burning Glasse which cleares all Eyes,
And musters with such Glory in the Skies,
That siluer Starre which with her sober Light
Makes Day oft-Enuie the eye pleasing Night,
Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In Heauens great Volume gorgeously diuine,

The Wonders all in Sea, in Earth, in Aire,
Be but darke Pictures of that Soueraine Faire,
Be Toungs, which ſtill thus crie into your Eare
(Could yee amidſt Worlds Cataracts *them heare)*
From fading things (fond Wights) lift your Deſire,
And in our Beautie his vs made admire,
If we ſeeme faire? O thinke how faire is he,
Of whoſe faire Fairneſſe, Shadowes, Steps we be.
No Shadow can compare it with the Face,
No Step with that deare foot which did it trace,
Your Soules immortall are, then place them hence,
And doe not drowne them in the Muſt of Senſe:
Doe not, O doe not by falſe Pleaſures Might
Depriue them of that true and ſole Delight.
That Happineſſe yee ſeeke is not below,
Earths ſweeteſt Ioy is but diſguiſed Woe.
Here did ſhee pauſe, and with a mild Aſpect,
Did towards me thoſe lamping Twinnes direct.
The wonted Rayes I knew, and thrice eſſay'd
To Anſwere make, thrice faultring Toung it ſtay'd.
And while vpon that Face I fed my Sight
Me thought ſhe vaniſht vp in Titans *Light;*
VVho guilding with his Rayes each Hill, and Plaine,
Seem'd to haue brought the Gold-ſmiths VVorld againe.

ON THE POVRTRAIT *of the Counteſſe of* Perthe.

SONNET.

THe *Goddeſſe* that in *Amathus* doth raigne,
With ſiluer Tramells, and Saphir-colour'd Eyes,
When naked from her *Mothers* Chriſtall Plaine,
She firſt appear'd vnto the wondring *Skies*:
Or when the *golden-Apple* to obtaine,
Her bluſhing Snowes amazed *Idas* Trees;
Did neuer looke in halfe ſo faire a guiſe,
As *She* here drawen; *all other Ages* Staine.
O God what Beauties to inflame the Soule,
And hold the hardeſt Hearts in Chaines of Gold!
Faire Lockes, ſweet Face, *Loues ſtatelie Capitole*,
Deare Necke which doth that Heauenly Frame vphold,
If *Vertue* would to mortall Eyes appeare,
To rauiſh ſence *She* would your Beautie weare.

SON.

IF *Heauen*, the *Starres*, and *Nature* did her grace
With all *Perfections* found the *Moone* aboue,
And what excelleth in this *lower Place*,
Did place in Her to breed a World of Loue:
If Angels Gleames ſhine on Her faireſt Face,
Which make Heauens Ioy on *Earth* the gazer proue,
And her bright Eyes (the Orbes which *Beautie* moue)
As PHOEBVS dazell in his glorious Race.
What Pincell paint? or Colour to the ſight
So ſweet a Shape can ſhow? the bluſhing *Morne*,
The red muſt ſen, the *Milkie-way* the white,
And *Night* the Starres which her rich Crowne adorne,
To draw her right; Then to make all agree,
The *Heauen* the *Table*, *Zeuxis Ioue* muſt be.

ON THAT SAME DRAWVEN *with a Panſee.*

SON.

WHen with braue *Art* the curious Painter drew
This Heauenlie Shape, the hand why made he beare
With golden Vaines that *Flowre* of purple hue,
Which followes on the P*lanet* of the yeare?
Was it to ſhow how in our *Hemiſphear*
Like him *She* ſhines, nay that effects more true
Of Power, and Wonder, doe in her appeare,
While *He* but Flowres, and *She* doth Mindes ſubdue.
Or would he elſe to *Vertues* glorious light
Her conſtant Courſe make knowne, or is't that *He*
Doth paralelle her bliſſe with *Clitias* plight:
Right ſo, and thus, He reeding in Her Eye
Some woefull L*ouers* end, to grace his Graue,
For *Cypres* Tree, this *mourning* F*lowre* her gaue.

MADRIGALL

IF *ſight be not beguild,*
And eyes right play their part,
This Flower is not of Art,
But's faireſt Natures *Child,*
And though when Titans *from our* World *exild,*
She doth not locke her leaues his loſſe to mone,
No wonder, Earth *findes now moe* Sunes *then one.*

TRiumphing Chariots Statues, Crownes of Bayes,
Skie-threatning Arches, *the rewards of worth*,
Workes heauenlie-wiſe in ſweet harmonious layes,
Which Sprights diuine vnto the World ſet forth:
States which Ambitious Mindes in bloud do raiſe,
From frozen *Tanais* vnto Sunne-burnt *Gange*,
Gigantall Frames held wonders rarelie ſtrange.
Like Spiders webs are made the ſport of Dayes.
All's onelie conſtant in inconſtant change,
What's done ſtill is vndone, and when vndone
Into ſome other Faſhion doth it range;
Thus goes the floting World beneath the *Moone*
Where for my Mind aboue Time, Motion, Place,
The raiſe and ſteps vnknowne to *Nature* trace.

TOo long I followed haue my fond Deſire,
And too long painted on the Ocean Streames,
Too long refreſhment ſought amidſt the fire,
Purſu'd thoſe joyes which to my Soule are Blames.
Ah when I had what moſt I did admire
And ſeene of Lifes Delights the laſt extreames,
I found all but a Roſe hedg'd with a Bryer,
A Nought, a Thought, a Maſcarade of Dreames
Henceforth on Thee my *onlie Good* I'll thinke,
For onlie thou canſt grant what I do craue,
Thy Naile my Pen ſhall be, thy Bloud mine Inke,
Thy Winding-ſheet my Paper, Studie Graue:
And till that Soule forth of this bodie flie,
No Hope I'll haue but onelie onelie thee.

TO ſpread the Azure Canopie of Heauen,
And ſpangle it all with Sparkes of burning Gold,
To place this pondrous Glob of Earth ſo euen
That it ſhould all and nought ſhould it vphold.
With motions ſtrange t'indue the Planets ſeuen,
And IOVE to make ſo meeke, and *Mars* ſo bold,
To temper what is moiſt, dry, hote, and cold,
Of all their Iarres that ſweet Accords are giuen.
LORD to thy Wiſedome's nought, nought to thy Might,
But that thou ſhouldſt *thy Glorie laid aſide*
Come baſelie in Mortalitie to bide,
And die for thoſe deſeru'd eternall plight,
A Wonder is ſo farre aboue our wit,
That *Angells* ſtand amaz'd to thinke on it.

WHat hapleſſe Hap had I for to be borne
In theſe vnhappie Times, and dying Dayes
Of this now doting World, when Good decayes,
Loue's quite quench't forth, and *Vertue*'s held a ſcorne,
When ſuch are onlie priſ'd by wretched wayes
Who with a golden Fleece them can adorne,
When Auarice and Luſt are counted praiſe,
And braueſt Mindes liue *Orphane*-like forlorne.
Why was not I into that golden Age
When Gold yet was not knowne? and thoſe black Arts
By which Baſe Mondaines vildlie playe their parts
With Horrid Acts ſtayning Earths ſtatelie Stage?
Then to had bene Heauen it had bene my bliſſe,
But bleſſe me now and take me ſoone from this.

TO THE AVTHOR.

PARTHENIVS.

WHile thou doeſt praiſe the Roſes, Lillies, Gold,
Which in a dangling Treſſe, and Face appeare,
Still ſtands the Sunne in Skies thy Songs to heare,
A Silence ſweet each whiſpering Wind doth hold:
Sleepe in Paſithea's Lap his Eyes doth fold,
The Sword falls from the God of the fift Spheare,
The Heards to feed, the Birds to ſing forbeare,
Each Plant breathes Loue, each Flood and Fountaine cold.
And hence it is, that that once Nymphe, now Tree,
Who did th' Amphriſian Shepheards Sighes diſdaine,
And ſcornd his Layes, mou'd by a ſweeter Vaine,
Is become pitifull, and followes Thee,
Thee loues, and vanteth that ſhe hath the Grace,
A Garland for thy Locks to enterlace.

Alexis.

THe Loue Alexis did to Damon beare,
Shall witneſſ'd be to all the Woods and Plaines,
As ſingulare renownd by nighbouriug Swaines,
That to our Relicts Time may Trophees reare.
Thoſe Madrigals we ſong amidſt our Flockes,
With Garlands guarded from Apollos Beames,
On Ochelles whyles, whyles neare Bodotrias Streames,
By Ecchoes are reſounded from the Rockes.
Of foraine Shepheards bent to trie the States
Though I (Worlds Gueſt) a Vagabond do ſtray,
Thou may that Store which I eſteeme Suruey,
As beſt acquainted with my Soules Conceits:
What euer Fate Heauens haue for me deſignd,
I truſt thee with the Treaſure of my Mind.

Clorus.

SWanne which ſo ſweetly ſings,
By Aska's *Bancks, and pitifully plaines,*
That old Meander *neuer heard ſuch Straines,*
Eternall Fame, thou to thy Countrie brings:
And now our Calidon
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.
Her Mountaines, Woods, and Springs,
While Mountaines, Woods, Springs *be, ſhall ſound thy Praiſe,*
And though fierce Boreas *oft make pale her Bayes,*
And kill thoſe Mirtills *with enraged Breath,*
Which ſhould thy Browes enwreath;
Her Floods haue Pearles, Seas *Amber doe ſend foorth,*
Her Heauen hath golden Starres to crowne thy Woorth.

Mœris.

THe ſiſter Nymphes *which haunt the* Theſpian *Springs,*
More liberally their Gifts ne're did bequeath
To them who on their Hills ſuckt ſacred Breath,
Then vnto thee, By which thou ſweetly ſings.
Ne're did Apollo *raiſe on* Pegaſe *Wings*
A Muſe more neare Himſelfe, more farre from Earth,
Then thine; whether thou weepe thy Ladies *Death,*
Or ſing thoſe ſweet-ſowre Pangs that Paſſion *brings.*
To write our Thoughts in Verſe doth merite Praiſe,
But thoſe our Verſe to gild in Fictions *Ore,*
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deſerue much more,
As thou haſt done theſe thy melodious Layes:
No doubt thy Muſes *faire* Morne *doth bewray*
The neare Approach of a more gliſtring Day.

Clorus.

SWanne which so sweetly sings,
By Aska's Bancks, and pitifully plaines,
That old Meander never heard such Strainés,
Eternall Fame, thou to thy Countrie brings:
And now our Calidon
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.
Her Mountaines, Woods, and Springs,
While Mountaines, Woods, Springs be, shall sound thy Praise,
And though fierce Borcas oft make pale her Bayes,
And kill those Mirtills with enraged Breath,
Which should thy Browes enwreath;
Her Floods haue Pearles, Seas Amber doe send foorth,
Her Heauen hath golden starres to crowne thy Woorth.

Moeris.

THe sister Nymphes which haunt the Thespian Springs,
More liberally their Gifts ne're did bequeath
To them who on their Hills suckt sacred Breath,
Then unto thee, By which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did APOLLO raise on Pegase Wings
A Muse more neare Himselfe, more farre from Earth,
Then thine: whether thou weepe thy Ladies Death,
Or sing those sweet-sowre Pangs that Passion brings.
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merite Praise,
But those our Verse to gild in Fictions Ore,
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deserue much more,
As thou hast done these thy melodious Layes:
No doubt thy Muses faire Morne doth bewray
The neare Approach of a more glistring Day.

TEARES
ON THE DEATH OF MOELIADES.

The third Edition.

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To the Author.

IN Waues of Woe thy Sighes my Soule doe toſſe,
And doe burſt vp the Conduits of my Teares,
Whoſe ranckling Wound no ſmoothing Baume long beares,
But freſhly bleedes when Ought vpbraides my Loſſe.
Then thou ſo ſweetly Sorrow makes to ſing,
And troubled Paſſions doſt ſo well accord,
That more Delight Thy Anguiſh doth afford,
Then Others Ioyes can Satisfaction bring.
What ſacred Wits (when rauiſh'd) doe affect,
To force Affections, Metamorphoſe Minds,
Whilſt numbrous Power the Soule in ſecret binds,
Thou haſt perform'd, transforming in Effect.
For neuer Plaints did greater Pittie moue,
The beſt Applauſe that can ſuch Notes approue.

S^r. W. ALEXANDER.

TEARES
ON THE DEATH
of MOELIADES.

O Heauens! then is it true that Thou art gone,
And left this woefull *Ile* her Losse to mone,
Mœliades, bright *Day-Starre* of the *West*,
A *Comet* blazing Terrour to the *East*:
And neither that thy *Spirit* so heauenly wise
Nor *Bodie* (though of *Earth*) more pure then *Skies*,
Nor royall *Stemme*, nor thy sweet tender *Age*,
Of cruell *Destinies* could quensh the *Rage*?
O fading *Hopes*! O short-while-lasting *Ioy*,
Of Earth-borne man, that one *Houre* can destroy!
Then euen of *Vertues* Spoyles *Death* Trophees rearcs,
As if he gloried most in many Teares.
Forc'd by hard *Fates*, doe *Heauens* neglect our Cryes?
Are *Starres* set only to act *Tragedies*?
And let them doe their *Worst* since thou art gone,
Raise whom they list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone,
Staine Princely *Bowres* with Blood, and euen to *Gange*,
In *Cypresse* sad, glad *Hymens Torches* change.
Ah thou hast left to liue, and in the Time,
When scarse thou blossom'd in thy pleasant Prime.
So falls by Northern Blast a virgin *Rose*,
At halfe that doth her bashfull Bosome close:
So a sweet *Flouriſh* languishing decayes,
That late did blush when kist by *Phœbus* Rayes.

So *Phœbus* mounting the *Meridians* hight,
Choak't by pale *Phœbe*, faints vnto our Sight,
Aſtoniſh'd *Nature* ſullen ſtands to ſee,
The *Life* of all this *All*, ſo chang'd to be,
In gloomie Gownes the *Starres* about deplore,
The *Sea* with murmuring Mountaines beates the Shore,
Blacke *Darkeneſſe* reeles o're all, in thouſand Showres
The weeping *Aire*, on *Earth* her ſorrow povres,
That in a Palſey, quakes to ſee ſo ſoone
Her *Louer* ſet, and *Night* burſt forth ere *Noone*.
If *Heauen (alas)* ordain'd thee yong to die,
Why was't not where thou mightſt thy *Valour* trie?
And to the wondring *World* at leaſt ſet forth
Some litle Sparke of thy exſpected *Worth*?
Mæliades, O that by *Iſters* Streames,
Mong ſounding Trumpets, fierie twinkling Gleames
Of warme vermilion Swords, and Cannons Roare,
Balls thicke as Raine pour'd by the *Caſpian* Shore,
Mong broken Speares, mong ringing Helmes & Shields,
Huge heapes of ſlaughtred Bodies long the Fields,
In *Turkiſh blood* made red like *Marſes Starre*,
Thou ended had thy Life, and Chriſtian Warre:
Or as braue *Burbon* thou had made old *Rome*,
Queene of the World, thy Triumph, and thy Tombe.
So *Heauens* fair Face to Th'vnborne *World* which reeds,
A Booke had beene of thy illuſtrous Deeds.
So to their Nephewes aged Syres had tolde
The high Exploits perform'd by thee of olde;
Townes raz'd, and raiſ'd, victorious, vanquiſh'd Bands,
Fierce Tyrants flying, foyl'd, kill'd by thy Hands.

And

And in deare *Arras*, Virgins faire had wrought
The Bayes and Trophees to thy *Countrie* brought:
While ſome New *Homer* imping Wings to *Fame*,
Deafe *Nilus* dwellers had made heare thy Name.
That thou did not attaine theſe *Honours Spheares*,
Through want of *Worth* it was not, but of *Yeares*.
A Youth more braue, pale *Troy* with trembling Walls
Did neuer ſee, nor *She* whoſe *Name* appalls
Both *Titans* golden *Bowres*, in bloody Fights,
Muſtring on *Marſes* Field, ſuch *Marſe*-like Knights.
The *Heauens* had brought thee to the higheſt Hight,
Of Wit and Courage, ſhewing all their Might
When they thee fram'd. *Ay me* that what is braue
On *Earth*, they as their owne ſo ſoone ſhould craue.
Mœliades ſweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore,
From *Thule*, to *Hydaſpes* pearlie Shore.

When *Forth* thy Nurſe, *Forth* where thou firſt did paſſe
Thy tender Dayes (who ſmylde oft on her Glaſſe,
To ſee thee gaze) *Meandring* with her Streames,
Heard thou had left this *Round*, from *Phœbus* Beames
She ſought to flie, but forced to returne
By *Neighbour Brookes*, She gaue her ſelfe to mourne:
And as She ruſh't her *Cyclades* among,
She ſeem'd to plaine, that *Heauen* had done her wrong.
With a hoarſe plaint, *Cleyd* down her ſteeppie rockes,
And *Tweid* through her greene Mountaines clad with flocks,
Did wound the *Ocean* murmuring thy death,
The *Ocean* that roard about the *Earth*,
And to the *Mauritanian Atlas* tolde, (rold
Who ſhrunke through griefe, and down his white haires

Huge Streames of teares, which changed were in Floods
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour Plains & Woods.
The leſſer *Brookes* as they did bubling goe,
Did keepe a *Conſort* vnto publicke *Woe*.
The Shepheards left their Flocks with downe-caſt Eyes,
Sdaining to looke vp to the angrie *Skies*:
Some brake their Pipes, and ſome in ſweet ſad Layes,
Made ſenſeleſſe things amazed at thy Praiſe.
His Reed *Alexis* hang vpon a *Tree*,
And with his Teares made *Doven* great to be.
Mæliades ſweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore
From *Thule*, to *Hydaſpes* pearelie Shore.
Chaſt *Maides* which haunt faire *Aganippe Well*,
And you in *Tempes* ſacred *Shade* who dwell,
Let fall your Harpes, ceaſe Tunes of Ioy to ſing,
Diſcheueled make all *Parnaſſus* ring
With *Antheames* ſad, thy Muſicke *Phœbus* turne
In dolefull plaints, whilſt *Ioy* it ſelfe doth mourne.
Dead is thy *Darling* who decor'd thy Bayes,
Who oft was wont to cheriſh thy ſweet Layes,
And to a *Trumpet* raiſe thy amorous *Stile*,
That floting *Delos* enuied might this *Ile*.
You *Acidalian* Archers breake your Bowes,
Your Brādons quench, with teares blot *Beauties* Snowes,
And bid your weeping *Mother* yet againe
A ſecond *Adons* death, nay *Marſes* plaine.
His *Eyes* once were your *Darts*, nay euen his *Name*,
Where euer heard, did euery *Heart* inflame.
Tagus did court his *Loue*, with *Golden Streames*,
Rhein with his *Townes*, faire *Seine* with *all ſhe claimes*.

But

But *ah* (poore Louers) *Death* them did betray,
And not ſuſpected made their *Hopes* his *Prey*!
Tagus bewailes his *Loſſe*, with *Golden Streames*;
Rhein with his *Townes*, faire *Seine* with *all She claimes*.
Mœliades ſweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore,
From *Thule*, to *Hydaſpes* pearlie Shore.
Eye-pleaſing *Meads* whoſe painted *Plaine* forth brings,
White, golden, azure Flowres, which once were Kings,
In mourning *Blacke*, their *ſhyning Colours* Dye,
Bow down their Heads, whiles ſighing *Zephyrs* flye.
Queene of the Fields, whoſe Bluſh, maks bluſh the *Morne*
Sweet *Roſe*, a Princes Death in *Purple* mourne.
O *Hyacinthes* for ay, your *AI* keepe ſtill,
Nay, with moe markes of *Woe* your Leaues now fill.
And you O *Flowre* of *Helens* teares that's borne,
Into theſe liquid *Pearles* againe you turne.
Your greene Lockes *Forreſts* cut, in weeping *Mirres*,
The deadly *Cypreſſe*, and Inke-dropping *Firres*,
Your *Palmes* and *Mirtles* change; from Shadowes darke
Wing'd *Syrens* waile, and you ſad *Echoes* marke
The lamentable Accents of their Mone,
And plaine that braue *Mœliades* is gone.
Stay *Skye* thy turning Courſe, and now become
A ſtately *Arche*, vnto the *Earth* his Tombe:
Ouer which ay the watrie *Iris* keepe,
And ſad *Electras* Siſters which ſtill weepe,
Mœliades ſweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore,
From *Thule*, to *Hydaſpes* pearlie Shore.
Deare *Ghoſt* forgiue theſe our vntimely Teares,
By which our louing Mind, though weake appeares

Our

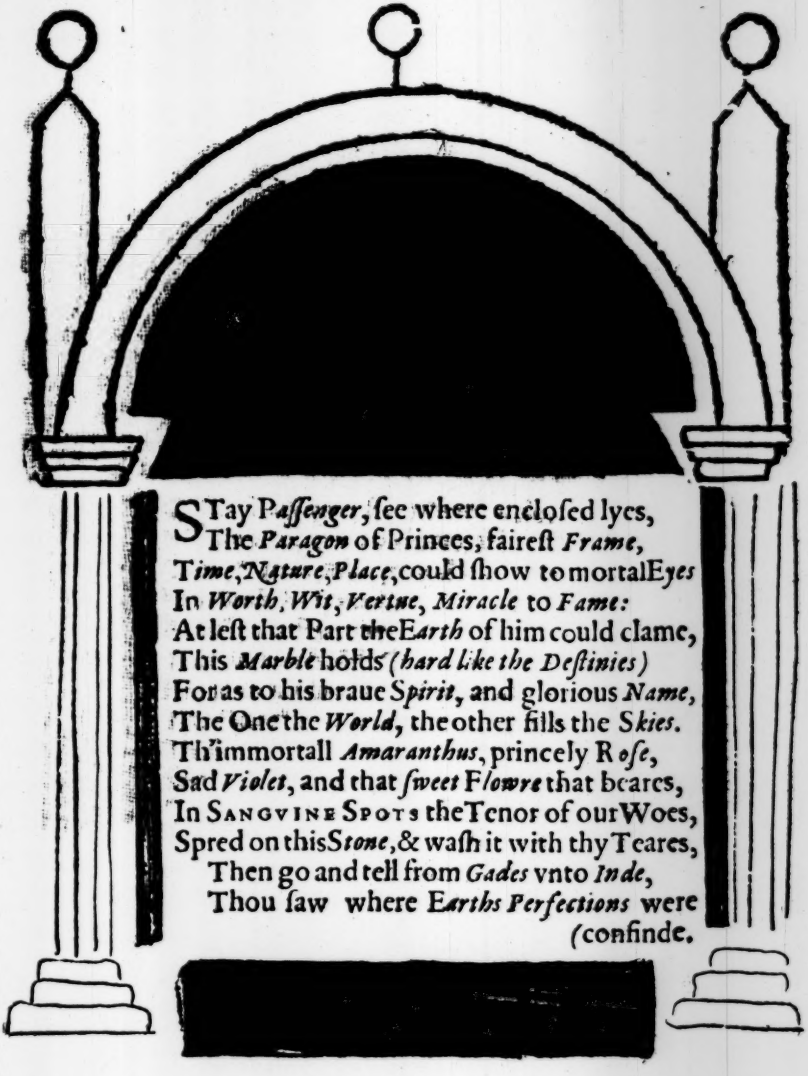
Our Loſſe not Thine (when we complaine) we weepe,
For Thee the gliſtring Walls of *Heauen* doe keepe,
Beyond the *Planets* Wheeles, boue higheſt Source
Of Spheares, that turnes the lower in his Courſe.
Where *Sunne* doth neuer ſet, nor vgly *Night*
Euer appeares in mourning Garments dight:
Where *Boreas* ſtormie Trumpet doth not ſound,
Nor Cloudes in Lightnings burſting, Minds aſtound.
From *Cares* cold Climates farre, and hote *Deſire*,
Where *Time*'s exild, and *Age* ne're expire:
Mong pureſt Spirits enuironed with Beames,
Thou thinks all things below, t'haue bene but Dreames;
And ioyes to looke downe to the azur'd Barres
Of *Heauen*, powdred with Troupes of ſtreaming *Starres*:
And in their turning *Temples* to behold,
In ſiluer Robe the *Moone*, the *Sunne* in Golde,
Like yong Eye-ſpeaking *Louers* in a Dance,
With Majeſtie by Turnes retire, aduance.
Thou wonders *Earth* to ſee hang like a Ball,
Cloſ'd in the ghaiſtly *Cloyſter* of this *All*:
And that poore *Men* ſhould proue ſo madly fond,
To toſſe themſelues for a ſmall Foot of Ground.
Nay, that they euen dare braue the *Powers* aboue,
From this baſe *Stage* of Change, that cannot moue.
All worldly Pompe, and Pride thou ſeeſt ariſe
Like Smoake that's ſcattred in the emptie Skies.
Other *Hills* and *Forreſts* other ſumptuous *Towres*,
Amaz'd thou finds excelling our poore Bowres,
Courts voyde of Flatterie, of Malice *Mindes*,
Pleaſure which laſts, not ſuch as *Reaſon* blinds.

More ſweeter Songs thou heares and Carrolings,
Whilſt *Heauens* do dance, and *Quire* of *Angells* ſings,
Then moldie *Mindes* could faine, euen our *Annoy*
(If it approach that Place) is chang'd in Ioy.
Reſt bleſſed *Spirit*, reſt ſaciat with the Sight
Of Him whoſe Beames (though dazeling) do delight,
Life of all liues, *Cauſe* of each other cauſe,
The *Spheare* and *Center* where the *Mind* doth pauſe:
Narcyſſus of himſelfe, himſelfe the *Well*,
Louer, and *Beautie* that doth all excell.
Reſt happie *Ghoſt*, and wonder in that *Glaſſe*,
Where ſeene is all that *ſhall be*, *is*, or *was*,
While *ſhall be*, *is*, or *was*, doe paſſe away,
And nothing be, but an *Eternall Day*.
For euer reſt, thy Praiſe *Fame* may enroule,
In golden Annales, while about the Pole,
The ſlow *Boötes* turnes, or *Sunne* doth ryſe
With ſcarlet Scarfe to cheare the mourning *Skies*.
The Virgins to thy Tombe may Garlands beare
Of Flowres, and with each Flowre let fall a Teare.
Mæliades ſweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaſpes* pearlie Shore.

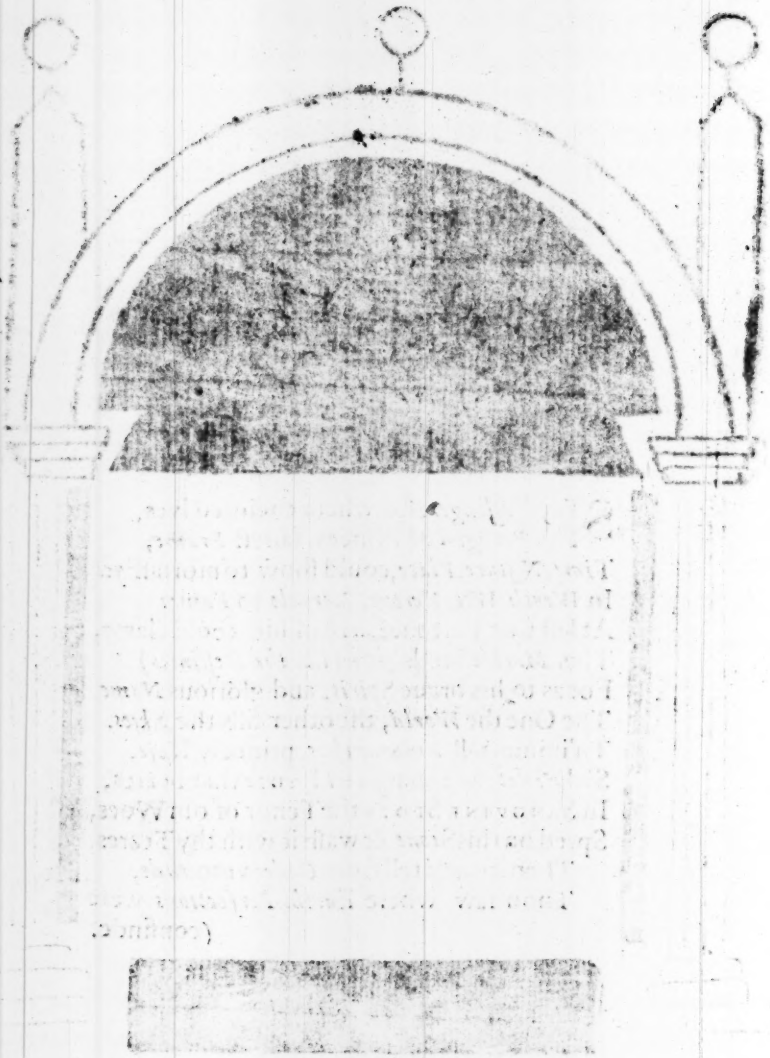
FINIS.

WILLIAM DRVMMOND.

OF ſET,
Or PORPHYRIE,
Or that white Stone
PAROS *affoordes alone,*
Or theſe in AZVRE *dye,*
Which ſeem to ſcorne the SKYE;
Here Memphis *Wonders doe not ſet,*
Nor ARTEMISIA'S *huge Frame,*
That keepes ſo long her Louers Name:
Make no great marble Atlas *tremble with Gold*
To pleaſe a Vulgar EYE that doth beholde.
The Muſes, Phœbus, *Loue, haue raiſed of their teares*
A Cryſtal Tomb to Him wherethrough his worth appears.



STay Paſſenger, ſee where encloſed lyes,
The *Paragon* of Princes, faireſt *Frame*,
Time, *Nature*, *Place*, could ſhow to mortal Eyes
In *Worth*, *Wit*, *Vertue*, *Miracle* to *Fame:*
At leſt that Part the *Earth* of him could clame,
This *Marble* holds *(hard like the Deſtinies)*
For as to his braue *Spirit*, and glorious *Name*,
The One the *World*, the other fills the *Skies*.
Th'immortall *Amaranthus*, princely *Roſe*,
Sad *Violet*, and that *ſweet Flowre* that beares,
In SANGVINE SPOTS the Tenor of our Woes,
Spred on this *Stone*, & waſh it with thy Teares,
Then go and tell from *Gades* vnto *Inde*,
Thou ſaw where *Earths Perfections* were
*(*confinde.



Sonnet.

A Paſsing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the Skies
That vſh'ring Thunder dies ſtraight to our Sight,
A *Sparke*, of Contraries which doth ariſe,
Then's drown'd in the huge Depthes of *Day* and *Night*.
Is this Small-ſmall cald *Life*, held in ſuch Price,
Of blinded *Wights*, who ne're judge Ought aright.
Of *Parthian* Shaft ſo ſwift is not the *Flight*,
As *Life*, that waſtes it ſelfe, and liuing dies.
Ah, what is humane *Greatneſſe*, *Valour*, *Wit*?
What fading *Beautie*, *Riches*, Honour, *Praiſe*?
To what doth ſerue in *golden* Thrones to ſit,
Thrall Earths *vaſte Round* triumphall *Arches* raiſe?
That all's a *Dreame* learne in this PRINCES Fall,
In whom ſaue *Death*, Nought mortall was at all.

WILLIAM DRVMMOND.

To the Reader.

THE *Name* which in theſe Verſes is giuen PRINCE HENRIE, is that which he Himſelfe in the Challenges of his Martiall Sports, and Maſcarads, was wont to vſe, MORLIADES *Prince of the Iſles*: which in *Anagramme* maketh a *VVord* moſt worthie of ſuch a Knight, as He was a Knight (if *Time* had ſuffred his Actions anſwere the Worlds expectation) onely worthie of ſuch a *VVorde*, MILES A DEO.

MADRIGALLS

AND

EPIGRAMMES.

MADRIGALLS
AND EPIGRAMMES.

The Statue of MEDVSA.

OF that MEDVSA ſtrange,
Who thoſe that did her ſee in Rockes did change,
None Image caru'd is this:
MEDVSAS ſelfe it is,
For while at heate of Day
To quench her Thirſt Shee by this Spring did ſtay,
Her hideous Head beholding in this Glaſſe,
Her Senſes fail'd, and thus transform'd Shee was.

The Portraite of MARS and VENVS.

FAire PAPHOS wanton Queene
Not drawne in White and Red,
Is truely heere, as when in VVLCANS Bed
Shee was of all Heauens laughing Senate ſeene.
Gaze on her Haire, and Eine,
Her Browes, the Bowes of Loue,
Her backe with Lillies ſpred:
And yee ſhould ſee her turne, and ſweetly moue,
But that Shee neither ſo will doe, nor darre,
For feare to wake the angrie God of Warre.

NARCISSVS.

FLouds cannot quench my Flames, ah! in this Well
I burne, not drowne, for what I cannot tell.

DAMETAS Dreame.

DAMETAS dream'd he ſaw his Wife at Sport,
And found that ſight was through the hornie Port.

CHERRIES.

MY Wanton weepe no more
The looſing of your Cherries,
Thoſe, and farre ſweeter Berries,
Your Siſter in good ſtore
Hath in her Lips and Face,
Be glad, kiſſe but with me, and hold your peace.

Icarus.

While with audatious Wings
I ſprang thoſe airie Wayes,
And fill'd (a Monſter new) with Dread and Feares
The feathered People and their Eagle Kings:
Dazell'd with Phœbus *Rayes,*
And charmed with the Muſicke of the Spheares,
When Pennes could moue no more, and force did faile,
I meaſur'd with a fall that loftie Bounds:
Yet doth Renowne my Loſſes counteruaile,
For ſtill the Shore my braue attempt reſounds.
A Sea, an Element doth beare my Name,
What Mortalls Tombe *'s ſo great in Place or Fame.*

On his Ladie, beholding her ſelfe in a Marble.

World wonder not, that I
Engraue deepe in my Breſt
This Angell Face, which mee bereaues of reſt.
Sith Dead and ſenſeleſſe thinges can not denie
To lodge ſo deare a Gueſt:
And this hard Marble Stone
Receaues the ſame, and loues, but cannot grone.

To Sleepe.

How comes it Sleepe, *that thou*
Euen kiſſes mee affords
Of her (deare her) ſo farre who 's abſent now?
How did I heare thoſe Words,
Which Rockes might moue, and moue the Pines to bow?
Aye mee *before halfe Daye*
Why didſt thou ſteale awaye?
Returne, I thine for euer will remaine,
And onlie bring with thee that Gueſt againe.

A pleaſant deceate.

OVer a chriſtall Source
Iölas *leyde his face,*
Of Popling Streames to ſee the reſtleſſe Courſe.
But ſcarſe hee had o'reſhadowed the Place,
When ſpying in the Ground a Child ariſe
Like to himſelfe in ſtature, Face, and Eyes,
Hee roſe all glad and cried,
Deare Mates aproach ſee whom I haue deſcried,
The Boy of whom ſtrange ſtories Sheepheards tel
Oft-called Hylas *dwelleth in this Well.*

The Canon.

WHen firſt the Canon from her gaping Throte
Againſt the Heauen her roaring Sulphure ſhote,
Ioue *wakened with the Noyce, and aſk't with wonder*
What Mortall Wight had ſtollen from him his Thunder,
His chriſtall Towres hee feared, but Fire and Aire
So deepe, did ſtay the Ball from mounting there.

Thais Metamorphoſe.

IN Briareus *hudge*
Thais *wiſh'd ſhee might change*
Her Man, and pray'd him not there at to grudge,
Nor fondly thinke it ſtrange,
For if (ſaid ſhee) I might the partes diſpoſe,
I wiſh you not a hundreth Armes nor Hands,
But hundreth Things like thoſe
With which Priapus *in our Garden ſtands.*

The qualitie of a kiſſe.

THe kiſſe with ſo much ſtrife
Which I late got (ſweet Heart)
Was it a ſigne of Death, or was it Life?
Of Life it could not bee,
For I by it did Sigh my Soule in thee:
Ne could't bee Death, Death doth no joy impart.
Thou Silent ſtandes, ah! *what thou did bequeath,*
A dying Life was to mee liuing Death.

His Ladies Dog.

WHen her deare Boſome clips
That litle Curre, which faunes to touch her Lips,
Or when it is his hap
To lie lap'd in her Lap,
O it growes Noone with mee,
With hotter-pointed Beames
My burning Planet ſtreames,
What Rayes were earſt in Lightnings changed be.
When oft I muſe how I to thoſe extreames
Am brought, I find no Cauſe, except that Shee
In Loues *bright* Zodiacke *hauing trac'd each Roome,*
To fatall Syrius *now at laſt is come.*

An Almanacke.

THis ſtrange Eccliplſe one ſayes
Strange Wonders doth fortell,
But yee whoſe Wyfes excell,
And loue to count their Praiſe,
Shut all your gates, your Hedges Plant with Thornes,
The Sunne menac'd the World this Time with Hornes.

The Silke-worme of Loue.

A Dædale *of my Death*
Now I reſemble that ſubtill Worme on Earth,
Which prone to its owne euill doth take no reſt:
For Day and Night oppreſt,
I feed on fading Leaues
Of Hope, which me deceaues,
And thouſand Webbs doth warpe within my Breſt,
And Thus in end vnto my ſelfe I waue
A faſt-ſhut Priſon, no, but euen a Graue.

Deepe impreſſion of Loue.

W*Hom raging Dog doth bite,*
He doth in Water ſtill
That Cerberus *Image ſee:*
Loue *Mad (perhaps) when he my Heart did ſmite*
(More to diſſemble his Ill)
Transform'd himſelfe in thee:
For thou art preſent euer ſince to mee.
No Spring there is, no Flood, nor other Place,
Where I (alace) not ſee thy Heauenlie Face.

A Chaine of Gold.

A*Re not thoſe Lockes of Gold*
Sufficient Chaines the wildeſt Harts to hold:
Is not that Yuorie Hand
A Diamantine Band,
Moſt ſure to keepe the moſt vntamed Minde,
But yee muſt others finde?
O yes: why is that Golden One then borne:
Thus free in Chaines (perhaps) Loues Chaines to ſcorne.

On the Death of a Linnet.

If *cruell* Death *had Eares,*
Or could beene pleaſ'd by Songs,
This wing'd Muſician liu'd had many yeares,
And Niſa *mine had neuer wept theſe Wrongs:*
For when it firſt tooke Breath,
The Heauens their Notes did vnto it bequeath:
And if that Samians *ſentences be true,*
Amphion *in this Body liu'd of new.*
But Death, *for that he nothing ſpares, nought heares,*
As he doth Kings it kill'd, ô Griefe! ô Teares!

Lillas Prayer.

Loue *if thou wilt once more*
That I to thee returne,
(Sweeet God) make me not burne
For quiuering Age, that doth ſpent Dayes deplore.
Nor doe not wound my Hart
For ſome vnconſtant Boy
Who ioyes to loue, yet makes of Loue a Toy.
But (ah) *if I muſt prooue thy golden Dart?*
Of grace O let mee finde
A ſweet young Louer with an aged Mind.
Thus Lilla *pray'd, and* Idas *did replie*
(Who heard) Deare haue thy wiſh, for ſuch am I.

ARMELINS Epitaph.

Neare *to this Eglantine*
Encloſed lies the milke-white Armeline.
Once Cloris *onlie* joye,
Now onlie her annoy,
Who enuied was of the moſt happie Swaines
That keepe their Flocks in Mountaines, Dales, or Plaines:
For oft ſhe bore the wanton in her Arme,
And oft her Bed, and Boſome did he warme;
Now when vnkindlie Fates *did him deſtroy*
Bliſt Dog he had the Grace,
With Teares for him that Cloris *wet her Face.*

EPITAPH.

THE Bawd of Iuſtice, he who Lawes controll'd,
And made them fawne, and frowne as he got gold,
That Proteus of our State, whoſe Hart and Mouth
Were farther diſtant than is North from South,
That Cormorant who made himſelfe ſo groſſe
On Peoples Ruine, and the Princes Loſſe,
Is gone to . and though he here did euill,
He meanes below to prooue an honeſt Deuill.

A TRANSLATION.

FIerce Robbers were of old
Exild the Champian Ground,
From Hamlets chaſ'd, in Citties kill'd or bound,
And onely Woods, Caues, Mountaines, did them hold:
But now (when all is ſold)
Woods, Mountaines, Caues, to good Men be refudge,
And doe the Guiltleſſe lodge,
And cled in Purple Gownes
The greateſt Theeues command within the Townes.

EPITAPH.

THen Death thee hath beguild
Alectos firſt borne Child?
Then thou who thrall'd all Lawes
Now againſt Wormes can not maintaine thy Cauſe?
Yet Wormes (more iuſt than thou) now doe no Wrong,
Sith all doe wonder they thee ſpar'd ſo long,
For though from Life but lately thou didſt paſſe,
Ten Springs are gone ſince thou corrupted was.

Come Citizens erect to Death an Alter,
That ſau'd to you Axe, Fuell, Timber, Halter.

A IEAST.

IN a moſt holie Church a holie Man
Vnto a holie Saint with viſage wan,
And Eyes like Fountaines, mumbled foorth a Prayer,
And with ſtrange Words and Sighs made blacke the Aire.
And hauing long ſo ſtay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thouſand croſſes on himſelfe he lay'd,
And with ſome ſacred Beads hang on his Arme
His Eyes, his mouth, his Temples, Breſt did charme.
Thus not content (ſtrange Worſhip hath no end)
To kiſſe the Earth at laſt he did pretend,
And bowing downe beſought with humble grace,
An aged Woman neare to giue ſome place:
Shee turn'd, and turning vp her Pole beneath,
Said, Sir kiſſe here for it is all but Earth.

Proteus of Marble.

THis is no worke of Stone,
Though breathleſſe, cold it ſeeme and ſenſe hath none,
But that falſe God which keepes
The monſtruous people of the raging Deepes:
Now that he doth not change his Shape this while,
It is [redacted] thus conſtant more you to beguile.

PAMPHILVS.

SOme Ladies wed, ſome loue, and ſome adore them,
I like their wanton ſport, then cares not for them.

APELLES enamour'd of Campaſpe. Alexanders Miſtreſſe.

POore Painter while I ſought
To counterfait by Art
The faireſt Frame which Nature *euer wrought,*
And hauing limm'd each Part
Except her matchleſſe Eyes:
Scarce on thoſe Sunnes *I gaz'd,*
As Lightning falles from Skies
When ſtraight my Hand grew weake, my Minde amaz'd
And ere that Pencill halfe them had expreſt,
Loue *had them drawen, no, grauen within my Breſt.*

Campaſpe.

ON Starres ſhall I exclaime,
Which thus my Fortune change,
Or ſhall I elſe reuenge
Vpon my ſelfe this Shame,
Inconſtant Monarch, or ſhall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles *proue*
The ſweet Delights of Alexanders *Loue:*
No, Starres, my ſelfe, and thee I all forgiue
And Ioyes that thus I liue,
Of thee blind King my Beautie *was deſpiſ'd,*
For that thou didſt not know it, *now it's pryz'd.*

CORNVCOPIA.

IF for one onelie Horne
Which Nature *to him gaue*
So famous is the noble Vnicorne ?
What praiſe ſhould that Man haue
Whoſe Head a Ladie braue
Doth with a goodlie pair at once adorne?

Loue ſuffers no Paraſol.

THoſe Eyes deare Eyes be Spheares
Where two bright Sunnes are roll'd,
That faire Hand to behold
Of whiteſt Snow appeares,
Then while yee coylie ſtand
To hide from me thoſe Eyes,
Sweet I would you aduiſe
To chuſe ſome other fanne then that white Hand:
For if yee doe for trueth moſt true this know,
That Sunnes ere long muſt needs conſume warme Snow.

Vnpleaſant Muſicke.

IN fields Ribaldo ſtray'd
Mayes Tapeſtrie to ſee,
And hearing on a Tree
A Cockow ſing, ſigh'd to himſelfe and ſaid,
Loe how alas euen Birdes ſit mocking mee.

FLORAS Flowre.

VEnus doth loue the Roſe,
Apollo thoſe deare Flowres
Which were his Paramours,
The Queene of ſable Skies
The ſubtill Lunaries,
But Flore likes none of thoſe:
To Her for no Flowre faire ſeemes but the Lillie,
And why? becauſe on letter makes't a P.

SLEEPING BEAVTIE.

O *Sight too dearelie bought!*
Shee ſleepes, and though thoſe Eyes
Which lighten Cupids *skies*
Bee cloſ'd, yet ſuch a grace
Enuironeth that Place,
That I through Wonder to grow faint am brought:
Sunnes *if eclipſ'd yee haue ſuch power diuine*
What power haue I to thole you when yee ſhine?

ALCONS Kiſſe.

WHat *others at their Eare*
Two Pearles Camilla *at her Noſe did weare,*
Which Alcon *who nought ſaw*
(For Loue is blinde) rob'd with a prettie Kiſſe,
But hauing knowen his miſſe,
And felt what Ore hee from that Mine did draw,
When Shee to charge againe him did deſire
He fled, and ſaid, foule Water quenched Fire.

The Statue of *VENVS* ſleeping.

P*Aſſenger vexe not thy Minde*
To make mee mine Eyes vnfold,
For when thou them doeſt behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blinde.

LAVRA to PETRARCH.

I *Rather loue a Youth and childiſh Rime,*
Then thee whoſe Verſe and Head be wiſe through time.

The Roſe.

Flowre which of Adons *Bloud*
Sprang, when of that cleare Flood
Which Venus *wept, an other white was borne:*
The ſweet Cynarean *Youth thou liuely ſhowes,*
But this ſharpe pointed Thorne
So proud about thy Crimſin *Folds that growes,*
What doth it repreſent?
Boares Teeth (perhaps) his milke-white Flanck which rent.
O ſhow of ſhowes of vneſteemed Worth
In one that kill'd, and killer ſetteth forth!

A Louers Prayer.

Neare to a Chriſtall Spring,
With Thirſt and Heat oppreſt,
Narciſſa faire doth reſt,
Trees pleaſant Trees which thoſe green plaines forth bring
Now interlace your trembling Tops aboue
And make a Canopie vnto my Loue,
So in Heauens higheſt Houſe when Sunne *appeares,*
Aurora *may you cheriſh with her Teares.*

Iolas Epitaph.

Here deare Iolas *lies,*
VVho whilſt he liu'd in Beautie did ſurpaſſe
That Boy whoſe heauenly Eies
Broght Cypris *from aboue,*
Or him to death who lookt in watrie Glaſſe,
Euen Iudge *the God of Loue.*
And if the Nymphe *once held of him ſo deare*
Dorine *the faire, would here but ſhed one Teare,*
Thou ſhouldſt in Natures ſcorne
A Purple Flowre ſee of this Marble borne.

The Troian Horſe.

A *Horſe I am who bit,*
Raine, rod, Spurre doth not feare,
When I my Riders beare,
Within my Wombe, not on my Backe they ſit.
No ſtreames I drinke, nor cares for Graſſe or Corne:
Art *me a Monſter wrought*
All Natures *workes to ſcorne,*
A Mother I was without Mother borne,
In end all arm'd my Father I forth broght:
What thouſand Ships, and Champions of renowne
Could not doe free, captiu'd I raz'd a Towne.

For Dorvs.

WHy Nais *ſtand yee nice*
Like to a well wrought Stone,
When Dorus *would you kiſſe?*
Denie him not that bliſſe,
He's but a Childe (old Men be Children twice)
And euen a Toothleſſe one:
And when his Lips yours touch in that delight,
Yee need not feare he will thoſe Cherries bite.

Loue vagabonding.

SWeet Nymphes *if as yee ſtraye*
Yee finde the froth-borne Goddeſſe of the Sea,
All blubbred, pale, vndone,
Who ſeekes her giddie Sone,
That litle God of Loue,
Whoſe golden ſhafts your chaſteſts Boſomes proue:
Who leauing all the Heauens hath runne away:
If ſhee to him him findes will ought impart
Her tell he Nightlie lodgeth in my Heart.

To a Riuer.

SIth Shee will not that I
Show to the World my Ioye,
Thou who oft mine annoy
Haſt heard deare Flood, tell Thetis if thou can
That not a happier Man
Doth breath beneath the Skie.
More ſweet, more white, more faire,
Lips, hands, and Amber Haire,
Tell none did neuer touch
A ſmaller daintier Waſte
Tell neuer was embrac't
But peace, ſith ſhee forbids thou tells too much.

Lida.

SVch Lida is that who her ſees,
Through Enuie, or through Loue ſtraight dies.

Phræne.

AOnian Siſters helpe my Phrenes Praiſe to tell,
Phrene hart of my hart with whom the Graces dwel,
For I ſurcharged am ſo ſore that I not know
What firſt to praiſe of her, her Breſt, or Necke of Snow,
Her Cheeks with Roſes ſpred, or her two Sun-like Eies,
Her Teeth of brighteſt Pearle, her Lips where Svveetnes lies:
But thoſe do praiſe themſelues, being to all Eyes ſet forth,
That Muſes yee need not to ſay ought of their Worth,
Then her white ſiſtring Papes eſſaye for to make knowne,
But her white ſiſtring Papes through ſmalleſt Vail are ſhowne
Yet Shee hath ſome thing elſe more worthie then the reſt
Not ſeene, goe ſing of that, farre beneath her Breſt
Which mounts like fair Parnaſſe, where Pegaſſe wel doth run
Here Phræne ſtay'd my Muſe ere ſhee had well begun.

Kiſſes deſir'd.

THogh I with ſtrange Deſire
To kiſſe thoſe roſie Lips am ſet on fire,
Yet will I ceaſe to craue
Sweet touches in ſuch ſtore
As he who long before
In thouſands them from Leſbia *did receaue.*
Heart mine but once me kiſſe
And I by that ſweet bliſſe
Euen ſweare to ceaſe you to importune more,
Poore one no number is.
An other Word of me yee ſhall not heare
After one Kiſſe, but ſtill one Kiſſe *my Deare.*

Deſired Death.

DEare Life while as I touch
Theſe Corrall Ports of bliſſe,
Which ſtill themſelues do kiſſe,
And ſweetly me inuite to do as much.
All panting in my Lips,
My Life my Heart doth leaue,
No ſenſe my Senſes *haue,*
And inward Powers doe find a ſtrange Ecclipſe,
This Death ſo heauenly well
Doth ſo me pleaſe, that I
Would neuer longer ſeeke in ſenſe to dwell,
If that euen thus I only could but die.

Phœbe.

IF for to be alone and all the Night to wander
Maids can proue chaſt, then chaſt is Phœbe *without ſlander.*

Anſvver.

FOol ſtill to be alone, all Night in Heauen to wander,
Wold make the wanton chaſt, then ſhe's chaſt without ſlander

The Crueltie of Rora.

WHilſt ſighing foorth his Wrongs,
In ſweete, though dolefull Songs,
Alexis ſeekes to charme his Roras Eares,
The Hills are heard to mone,
To ſigh each Spring appeares,
Trees, hardeſt Trees through Rine diſtille their Teares,
And ſoft growes euery Stone:
Onely faire Rora, Teares, Sighs, Songs not moue,
For Shee doth joye to ſee him plaine and loue.

A Kiſſe.

HArke, happie Louers, harke,
This firſt and laſt of Ioyes,
This ſweetner of Annoyes,
This Nectare of the Gods,
Ye call a Kiſſe, is with it ſelfe at ods:
And halfe ſo ſweet is not
In equall Meaſure got,
At light of Sunne, as it is in the darke,
Harke, happy Louers, harke.

Kalas Complaint.

KAla old Mopſus wife,
Kala with faireſt Face,
For whom the Neighbour Swaines oft were at ſtrife,
As ſhe to milke her ſnowie Flocke did tend,
Sigh'd with a heauie Grace,
And ſaid: What wretch like me doth leade her life?
I ſee not how my Taske ſhall haue an end:
All Day I draw theſe ſtreaming Dugs in Fold,
All Night mine empty Husbands ſoft and cold.

PHILLIS.

IN peticot of greene,
Her Haire about her Eine,
Phillis *beneath an Oake*
Sate milking her faire flocke:
Mong that ſweet ſtrained moiſture rare delight
Her hand ſeem'd Milke in Milke it was ſo white.

A WISH.

TO forge to mightie IOVE
The thunder-bolts aboue,
Nor on this Round below
Rich Midas *ſkill to know,*
And make all Gold I touch,
I doe not craue, nor other cunning ſuch,
Of all the Arts be vnderneath the Skie
I wiſh but Phillis *Lapidare to be.*

NISA.

NIſa Palemons *Wife him weeping told*
He kept not Grammere *rules now being old,*
For why (quoth ſhee) poſition *falſe make yee,*
Putting a ſhort thing where a long ſhould be.

A Louers Heauen.

THoſe Starres nay Sunes which turne
So ſtatelie in their Spheares,
And dazeling doe not burne,
The Beautie of the Morne
Which on theſe cheeks appeares,
The Harmonie which to that voyce is giuen,
Make me thinke ye are Heauen.
If Heauen yee be O that by powerfull Charmes,
I Atlas *were enfolded in thoſe armes?*

EPITAPH.

THis deare though not-reſpected Earth doth hold
One for his worth whoſe Tombe ſhould beene of gold.

Beauties Idea.

Who would Perfections *faire* Idea *ſee,*
Let him come looke on Cloris *ſweet with me;*
White is her Haire, her Teeth white, white her Skinne,
Blacke be her Eyes, her Eye-browes, Cupids *Inne:*
Her Lockes, her Body, hands doe long appeare,
But Teeth ſhort, ſhort her Wombe, and either Eare;
The ſpace twixt Shoulders, Eyes, wide, Brow wide,
Strait Waſte, the Mouth ſtrait, and her virgine Pride.
Thicke are her Lips, Thighes, *with Bancks ſwellling there,*
Her Noſe is ſmall, ſmall Fingers, and her Haire:
Her ſugred Mouth, her Cheekes, her Nailes be red,
Little her Foot, Pap little, and her Head.
Such Venus *was, ſuch was that Flame of* Troy,
Such Cloris *is, mine Hope, and only Ioy.*

Lalvs Death.

Amidſt the Waues profound,
Farre, farre from all Reliefe,
The honeſt Fiſher Lalus, ah! *is drown'd,*
Into this little Skife:
The Boords of which did ſerue him for a Beare,
So that when he to the blacke World came neare
Of him no Siluer greedy Charon *got,*
For he in his owne Boate
Did paſſe that Flood, by which the Gods doe ſweare.

Kiſſes deſir'd.

THogh I with ſtrange Deſire
To kiſſe thoſe roſie Lips am ſet on fire,
Yet will I ceaſe to craue
Sweet touches in ſuch ſtore
As he who long before
In thouſands them from Leſbia *did receaue.*
Heart mine but once me kiſſe
And I by that ſweet bliſſe
Euen ſweare to ceaſe you to importune more,
Poore one no number is.
An other Word of me yee ſhall not heare
After one Kiſſe, but ſtill one Kiſſe *my Deare.*

Deſired Death.

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Theſe Corrall Ports of bliſſe,
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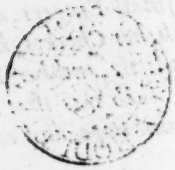
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